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A HOLIDAY.

Out of the city, far away
With Spring to-day!—
Where copses tufted with primrose
Give me repose.
Word-sorrel and wild violet
Soothe my soul's fret,
The pure delicious vernal air
Blows away care;
The birds' reiterated songs
Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
Drifts like a leaf,
And on its gentle murmuring flow
Cares glide and go;
The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
The sprouting sedges
Waving beside the water's brink,
Come like cool drink
To fever'd lips, like fresh soft mead
To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I bed
My dreaming head
In grass; I see far mountains blue,
Like heav'n in view,
Green world and sunny sky above
Alive with love;
All, all, however came they there,
Divinely fair.

Is this the better oricle,
Or what streets tell?
O, base confusion, falsehood, strife,
Man puts in life!
Sink, thou Life-Measurer!—I can say
"I've lived a day!"
And Memory holds it now in keeping,
Awake or sleeping.

THE BEAR PIT.

We give herewith an illustration of a bear pit, similar to those in our Zoological Gardens, which is at present, next to the Centennial Exhibition, one of the most popular resorts during the present year. The site on which the Zoological Garden is located is in a part of Fairmount Park called "Solitude," in which stands an ancient manson built by John Penn, son of Thomas Penn and grandson of William, and owned by his descendents down till its purchase by the Park Commissioners. The Gardens comprise an area of about 38 acres, and the Zoological Socity have fitted them up in a manner best suited for the maintenance and exhibition of birds and animals. Their aim is to establish here a zoological garden second to none in the world, and from the manner in which they are carrying out their designs, it seems as if their ambition would before very long be realized. Every part of the Garden is interesting, but in particular we may mention the bear pits, the subject of the present illustration.

First to describe a bear pit. It is usually circular, measuring about 25 feet in diameter, and 20 feet in depth; the sides built with brick. The bottom is level and paved with stone, and has around it vaults with doors for the residence of the bears. From the centre of the pit raises a stout and tall pole, on which are crossbars to enable the animals to climb to the top, which they are very fond of doing to catch the morsels of food, cakes, etc., from visitors. Of course these poles are placed at a sufficient distance from the sides to prevent the bears from leaping out.

There are many kinds of bears, all varying in characteristics, and are found all over the world; Australia being the only country, we believe, in which they have never been met with. In Asia, Europe, and America, the species are widely distributed, and were spoken of in histories of the remotest ages. The first bears on record are those mentioned in the Bible, "the she bears which came out the wood," and tare forty and two of the mockers of Elisha—(2 Kings, II 24.)

In the early history of New England, bears make a conspicuous figure, and shared with the wolf the privilege of being employed from the earliest times by nursery maids to scare children into obedience. The bear, however, is rarely a dangerous animal to man, except our Grizzly bear, even in his native forest. Some of the species are pets of menageries, and are not unfrequently taught to dance and tumble in a manner exceedingly amusing to spectators. The bear is almost as much a harmonist, in his way, as the monkey, and the odd contrast between the gravity of his looks and the drolliness of his capers is irresistibly ludicous.

The most formidable bear upon this Continent is the well-known grizzly, the *Ursus ferox, Ursus Horribilis*, or the *Meeshah Musquaw*, of the Cree Indians. Its length is from 6 to 9 feet, and weight from 400 to 800 lbs. It is formed liked the European bear, its foreclaws being six inches long; it does not ascend trees, however, though its young sometimes do. The tail is so short and so lost in the hair around its branches that it is a standing joke with Indian hunters, when they have killed one, to desire any person unacquainted with that fact to take hold of its tail. The grizzly is found in the Rocky mountains and in the plains to the east of them; also in California and in the North-western British territory, as far as Lat. 61°, altho' savage and morose by nature, the almost universal of fun implanted in the animal creation is found even in the breasts of these horrible monsters.

The young grizzlies, we are told by an eye witness, when alone in their solitary haunts, have their games of bo-peep, leap-frog, and wrestling, and sometimes the gruff and gnarled old fathers lend their countenance to these sports and "give a back" to the young grizzlies!

Though unwieldy, they are capable of great rapidity of motion, and their strength is perfectly marvelous; the bison even being unable to contend against it, the grizzly having been known to drag the enormous carcase of a bison, which it had killed, weighing no less than 1000 pounds, to some convenient chosen place, where it dug a pit for it to be devoured at leisure.

The female bear brings forth her cubs, two or three in number, in the month of January. When they are just born, they are about 8 inches in length, pretty little things, blind, in which state they remain for a month. Taken young, they are easily tamed and taught to dance, but, however tame they may appear to be, they retain much of their native roughness and will not brook being trifled with. Ill treatment or a blow rouses them to fury, though they are passionately fond of music.

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THE BEAR PIT.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

Live within your means. This is a good rule for office-holders and business men generally. When the man of moderate income endeavors to live as expensively as a man of wealth, his future can be easily written; a little enjoyment, periods of anxiety, burdensome debts, a desperate struggle to keep up appearances, ultimate bankruptcy, and a red flag to notify the neighbors that the Sheriff is master of the situation. One-half the dishonesty of the present age springs from this foolish practice of imitating the style of others. The man of a thousand a year wants to live equal to the one who receives five, he in turn aspires to make as big a show as the one who receives ten, and the receiver of ten labors to keep pace with the one who counts his income among the fifty thousands. Is it any wonder that so many fail in business, or forfeit by their misconduct the confidence of friends? We must come back to our old fashioned way of living, and this can be done only by obeying that injunction, live within your means.

Life is altogether too short to destroy its enjoyments by taxing soul and body to keep up false appearances. Contentment comes with moderation; mental suffering and keen anguish with extravagance. To the young man just starting in life, we say, live within your means. To the man of business pursuing success, we say, live within your means. To the office-holder who hopes through honorable conduct to merit promotion and distinction, we say, live within your means. To all who labor for honor or profit, we commend the motto as a safe and sensible one, and one that will pay compound interest in the end. A faithful adherence to it by old and young, rich and poor, will restore confidence in business and official circles, and fill the land with happy homes from which will emanate a spirit of purity essential to the maintenance of public virtue.

We justly call those men our masters from whom we always learn; but not every one of whom we learn deserves this title.

You are all of you like the ocean, which, distinguished by different appellations is, after all, nothing but salt water.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

BAFFLED.

That eminent detective, Mr. Strange, was, to tell the truth, somewhat puzzled; thrown, so to say, slightly on his beam ends. The earnest assurances of Sir Karl Wynne—that the individual he had been suspecting was the agent Smith, and that there was not, and could not be, any gentleman residing at the Maze—had made their due impression, for he saw that Sir Karl was a man whose word might be trusted. At the same time he detected, or thought he detected an undue eagerness on Sir Karl's part to impress this upon him during the interview they held in the road; an eagerness which the matter itself did not justify, unless Sir Karl had a private and personal motive for it. Musing on this, Mr. Strange had continued to walk about instead of going on to his lodgings; and Miss Blake had surprised him underneath the trees at the Maze gate—or rather, surprized herself by finding him there. While conversing with her, they both had seen Sir Karl enter the Maze with a key taken from his pocket, and the whispered communication from Miss Blake, threw altogether another light upon the matter, and served to show what Sir Karl's personal motive might be. According to that Lady's hints, Sir Karl was in the habit of stealing into the Maze, and that it was no one but Sir Karl himself who had been seen by Nurse Chaffen.

Mr. Detective Strange could not conceal from his acute brain that, if this were true, his own case was almost as good as disposed of, and he might prepare to go back to town. Salter, the prey he was patiently searching out, was at the Maze or nowhere—for Mr. Strange had turned the rest of the locality inside out, and knew that it contained no trace of him. If the gentleman in the evening dress, seen by nurse Chaffen, was Sir Karl Wynne, it could not have been Philip Salter; and, as his sole motive for suspecting the Maze was that worthy woman's account of him she had seen, why the grounds of suspicion seemed slipping from under him.

But it was by no means Mr. Strange's intention to take the failure for granted. He was too wary a detective to do that without seeking for proof, and he had not done with Foxwood yet. The first person he must see was Mrs. Chaffen.

Somewhat weary with his night reflections and not feeling quite so refreshed as he ought, for the thing had kept him awake till morning, Mr. Strange sat down to his breakfast languidly. Watchful Mrs. Jinks, who patronized her easy lodger and was allowed to visit his tea and sugar and butter and cheese with impunity, observed this as she whipped off the cover from a dish of mushrooms that looked as though it might tempt an anchorite.

"You've got a headache this morning, Mr. Strange, sir. Is it bad?"

"Oh, very bad," said Mr. Strange, who did not forget to keep up his role of delicate health as occasion afforded opportunity.

"What things them headaches are!" deplored Mrs. Jink. "Nobody knows whence they come nor how to drive 'em away. Betsey Chaffen was nursing a patient in the spring who'd had bilious fever and rheumatis combind; and to hear what she said about that poor dear old gentleman's head——"

"By the way, how is Mrs. Chaffen?" interrupted Mr. Strange, with scant ceremony and no regard to the old gentleman's head. "I have not seen her lately."

"She was here a day or two ago, sir; down in my kitchen. As to how she is, she's as strong as need be; which its thanks to you for inquiring. *She* never has nothing the matter with her."

"Is she out nursing?"

"Not now. She expects to be called out soon, and is waiting at home for it."

"Where is her home?"

"Down Foxglove Lane, sir, turning off by the church. Bull, the stone-mason, lives in the end house there, and she have lodged with 'em for years. Bull tells her in joke sometimes that some of 'em ought to be took ill, with such a nurse as her in the house, which they never are, for it's as healthy a spot as any in Foxwood."

Mr. Strange had a knack of politely putting an end to his landlady's gossip when he pleased, and of sending her away. He did so now; and the widow transferred herself and her tongue to Mr. Cattscomb's parlor.

People must hold spring and autumn cleanings, or where would our carpets and curtains be? Mrs. Chaffen, though occupying but one humble room (with a choice piece of furniture in it that was called a "bureau" by day and was a bed by night) was not exempt from the general sanitary obligations. Mrs. Bull

considered that she instituted the e periodical bouts of scrubbing oftener than there was occasion for, but Betsy Chaffen liked to take care of her furniture—which was her own—and was moreover a cleanly woman.

On this self-same morning she was in the thick of it; her gown turned up about her waist, her hands plunged into a bucket of soap-suds, herself on her knees, and the furniture all heaped together a'top of the shut-up bureau in the corner when one of the young Bulls came in with the astounding news that a gentleman was asking for her.

"Goodness bless me!" cried the poor woman, turning cold all over "it can't be that I am fetched out, can it Sam?—and me just in the middle of all this mess!"

"He said was Mrs. Chaffen at home, and could he see her,'" replied Sam. "He's a waiting outside."

Mrs. Chaffen sat back on her heels, one hand resting on the bucket, the other grasping the wet scrubbing-brush, and her face the very picture of consternation as she stared at the boy. She had believed herself free for a full week to come.

"Is it Mr. Henley himself, Sam?"

"It ain't Mr. Henley at all," said Sam. "It's the gentleman staying at Mrs. Jinks's."

"What the plague brings him here this morning of all others, when I've got the floor in a sop and not a chair to ask him to set down upon!" cried the woman, relieved of her great fear, but vexed nevertheless to be interrupted in her work, and believing the intruder to be Mr. Cattacomb, come on one of his pastoral visits. "Parsons be frightful bothers sometimes!"

"'Taint the Parson; it's the t'other one," said Sam Bull.

Mrs. Chaffen rose from her knees, stepped gingerly across the wet floor, and took a peep through the window. There she saw Mr. Strange in the centre of a tribe of young Bulls, dividing among them a piece of lettered gingerbread. Sam, afraid of not coming in for his share of the letters, bolted out of the room.

"Ask the gentleman if he'll be pleased to step in, Sam, and to excuse the litter," she called after the boy. "I don't mind him," she mentally added, seizing upon a mop to mop the wet off the floor, and then letting down her gown, "and he must want something particular of me; but I'd not have cared to stand Cattakin's preaching this busy morning.

Mr. Strange came in his pleasant way, admiring everything, from the room to the bucket, and assuring her he rather preferred wet floors to dry ones. While she was reaching him a chair and dusting it with her damp apron, he held out his hand, pointing to where the cuts had been.

"Look here, Mrs. Chaffen. I have been thinking of coming to you this day or two past, but fancied I might see you in Paradise Row, for I'd rather have your opinion than a doctor's at any time. The hand has healed you see."

"Yes, sir; it looks beautiful."

"But I am not sure that it has healed properly, though it may look 'beautiful'" he rejoined. "Feel this middle cut. Here just on the seam.

Mrs. Chaffen rubbed her fingers on the same check apron, and then passed them gently over the place he spoke of.

"What do you feel?" he asked.

"Well, sir, it feels a little hard, and there seems to be a kind of knot," she said, still examining the place.

"Precisely so. There's a stiffness about it that I don't altogether like, and now and then a kind of prickly sensation. What I have been fancying is that a piece of glass may possibly be in it still."

But Mrs. Chaffen did not think so. In her professional capacity she talked nearly as learnedly as a doctor could have talked, though not using quite the same words. Her opinion was that if glass had remained in the hand it would not have healed; and she believed that Mr. Strange had only to let it alone and have a little patience, and the symptoms he spoke of would go away.

It is not at all improbable that this opinion was Mr. Strange's own; but he thanked here and said he would abide by her advice, and gave her a little more gentle flattery. Then he sat down in the chair she had dusted, as if he meant to remain for the day, in spite of the disorder of affairs and the damp floor, and entered on a course of indiscriminate gossip. Mrs. Chaffen liked to get on quickly with her work, but she liked gossip better; no matter how busy she might be, a dish of *that* never came amiss; and she put her back against another chair and folded her hands in her apron, and gossiped back again.

In a smooth and natural manner, apparently without intent, the conversation presently turned upon the gentleman (or ghost) Mrs. Chaffin had seen at the Maze. It was a theme she had not tired of yet.

"Now you come to talk of that," cried the detective, "do you know what idea has occurred to me upon the point, Mrs. Chaffen? I think the gentleman you saw may have been Sir Karl Wynne."

Nurse Chaffen, contrary to her usual habit, did not immediately reply, but seemed to fall into thought.

"Was it Sir Karl?"

"Well now that's an odd thing!" she broke forth at last. "Miss Blake asked me the very same question, sir—Was it Sir Karl Wynne?"

"Oh, did she. When?"

"When we had been talking of the thing in your rooms, sir—that time that I had been a dressing of your hand. In going down stairs, somebody pulled me, all mysterious like, into the Reverend Cattakin's parlor: I found it was Miss Blake, and she began asking me what the gentleman looked like and whether it was not Sir Karl?"

"And was it Sir Karl?"

"Being took by surprise in that way," went on Mrs. Chaffen, disregarding the question, "I answered Miss Blake that I had not had enough time to notice the gentleman and could not say whether he was like Sir Karl or not. Not having reflected upon it then, I spoke promiscuous, you see sir, on the spur of the moment."

"And was it Sir Karl?" repeated Mr. Strange. "Now that you have had time to reflect upon it, is that the conclusion you come to?"

"No, sir, just the opposite. A minute or two afterwards, if I'd only waited, I could have told Miss Blake that it was not Sir Karl. I couldn't say who it was, but 'twas not him."

This assertion was so contrary to the theory Mr. Strange had been privately establishing that it took him somewhat by surprise.

"Why are you enabled to say surely it was not Sir Karl?" he questioned, laughing lightly, as if the matter amused him.

"Because, sir, the gentleman was taller than Sir Karl. And, when I came to think of it, I distinctly saw that he had short hair, either lightish or grayish; Sir Karl's hair is a beautiful wavy brown, and he wears it rather long."

"Twilight is very deceptive," remarked Mr. Strange.

"No doubt of that, sir; but there was enough light coming in through the passage windows for me to see what I have said. I am quite positive it was not Sir Karl Wynne."

"Would you swear it was not?"

"No, sir, I'd not swear: swearing's a ticklish thing: but I'm none the less sure. Mr. Strange, it was not Sir Karl *for certain*," she added impressively. "The gentleman was taller than Sir Karl and had a bigger kind of figure, broader shoulders like, and it rather struck me at the time that he limped in his walk. That I couldn't hold to however."

"Just the description of what Salter would most likely be now," mused the detective, his doubts veering about uncomfortably. "He would have a limp, or something worse, after that escapade out of the railway carriage."

"Well, if you are so sure about, Mrs. Chaffen, I suppose it could not have been Sir Karl."

"I can trust my sight, sir, and I *am* sure. Whatever could have give rise to the thought that it was Sir Karl?" continued she, after a moment's pause.

"Why, you must know, Mrs. Chaffen, that Sir Karl Wynne is the only man in Foxwood who is likely to put on evening dress as a rule. And being a neighbor of Mrs. Grey's and her landlord, it was not so very improbable he should have called in, don't you see?"

Thus enlightened, Mrs. Chaffen no longer wondered how the surmise had arisen. She reiterated the assertion that it was not Sir Karl; and Mr. Strange, gliding into the important question of soda for cleaning boards, versus soap, took an affable leave.

There he was, walking back again, his thoughts almost as uncertain as the wind. Was Miss Blake's theory right, or was this woman's? If the latter, and the man was in truth such as she described him, taller and broader than Sir Karl, why then he could have staked his life upon the Maze being Salter's place of concealment. He would try and put the matter to rest with all speed, one way or the other. Perhaps, however, that resolution was more easy to make than to carry out.

It was the day following this. The Maze, in all its ordinary quietness, was lying at rest under the midday sun. That is, as regards outward and visible rest; of inward rest, the rest that diffuses peace in the heart, there was but little.

The baby was lying in its cot. Its mother, who had been hushing it to sleep, preparing to change her morning wrapper for the gown she would wear during the day. A bouquet of fresh-cut flowers lay on the dressing table, and the window stood open to the free, fresh air. Ann Hopeley was in the scullery below, peeling the potatoes for dinner, and the old man servant was somewhere over his work. As the woman threw the last potato into the pan, there came a gentle ring at the gate bell. She turned around and looked at the clock in the kitchen.

"Who's that I wonder! It's too early for the bread. Anyway, you'll wait till I've got my potatoes on, whoever you may be," concluded she, addressing the unknown intruder.

The saucepan on, she went forth. At the gate stood an inoffensive looking young man with a large letter or folded parchment in his hand.

"What do you want?" asked Ann Hopley.

"Is this the Maze?"

"Yes."

"Does a lady named Grey live here?"

"Yes."

"Then I've got to leave this for her, please."

Taking the key from her pocket, Ann Hopley unsuspiciously opened the gate, and held forth her hand to take the parchment. Instead of giving it to her, the man pushed past, inside; and, to Ann Hopley's horror, Mr. Strange and a policeman suddenly appeared, and followed him. She would have closed the gate upon them, and made a kind of insane effort to do so: but one woman cannot effect much against three determined men.

"You can shut it now," said Mr. Strange, when they were inside. "Don't be alarmed, my good woman: we have no wish to harm you."

"What do you want?—and why do you force yourselves in, in this way?" she inquired, frightened nearly to death.

"I am a detective officer, belonging to the London police force," said Mr. Strange, introducing himself in his true character. "I bring with me a warrant to search the house called the Maze and its out-door premises—taking the folded paper from the man's hand. "Would you like me to read it to you before I go on?"

"Search them for what?" asked Ann Hopley, feeling angry with herself for her white face. "I don't want to hear anything read. Do you think we have got stolen goods here?—I'm sure you are enough to scare a body's senses away, bursting in like this!"

Mr. Strange slightly laughed. "We are not looking for stolen goods," he said.

"What for then?" resumed the woman, striving to be calm.

"For some one whom I believe is concealed here."

"Some one concealed here? Is it me?—or my mistress?—or my old husband?"

"No."

"Then you won't find anybody else," she returned with an air of relief. "There's no soul in the place but us three, and that I'll swear: except Mrs. Grey's baby. And we had good characters, sir, I can tell you, both me and my husband, before Mrs. Grey engaged us. Would we harbor loose characters here, do you suppose?"

It was so much waste of words. Mr. Strange calling to the policeman to follow him, and bidding the other—who was a local policeman also in plain clothes—remain near the gate and guard it against anybody's attempted egress. All this while the gate had been open. Ann Hopley looked it with trembling fingers, and then followed the men through the Maze, shrieking out words of remonstrance at the top of her voice. Had there been ten felons concealed within, she made enough noise to warn them all.

"For goodness sake, woman, don't make that uproar!" cried the detective. "We are not going to murder you."

The terrified face of Mrs. Grey appeared at the window. Old Hopley was gazing through the chink of the door of the tool-house, which he was about to clean out. The detective heeded nothing. He went straight to the house door, and entered it.

"Wait here at the open door, and keep a sharp look round inside and out," were his orders to the policeman. "If I want you, I'll call."

But Ann Hopley darted before Mr. Strange to impede his progress—she was greatly agitated—and seized hold of his arm.

"Don't go in," she cried imploringly; don't go in, for the love of heaven! My poor mistress is but just out of her confinement and the fever that followed it, and the fright will be enough to kill her. I swear to you that what I have said is true. There's nobody on these premises but those I've named: my mistress and us two servants, me and Hopley. It *can't* be one of us you want!"

"My good woman, I have said that it is not. But, if it be as you say—that there's no one else, no one concealed here—why object to my searching?

"For her sake," reiterated the agitated woman; "for the poor lady's sake."

"I must search; understand that," said Mr. Strange. "Better let me do it quietly."

As if becoming impressed with this fact and that it was useless to contend further, Ann Hopley suddenly took her hands off the detective, leaving him at liberty to go where he would: and passing through the kitchen, began to attend to her saucepan of potatoes.

Armed with his full power, both of law and of will, Mr. Strange began his search. The warrant had not been obtained from Sir Karl but from a magistrate at Basham: it might be that he did not feel sufficiently assured of Sir Karl's good faith: therefore the Maze was not averted beforehand.

It was not a large house; the rooms were soon looked into, and nothing suspicious was to be seen. Three beds were made up in three different chambers: the one in Mrs. Grey's room and two others. Was one of these occupied by Salter? The detective could not answer the doubt. They were plain beds in plain rooms, and it might be that the two servants did not sleep together. Knocking at the door, he entered Mrs. Grey's chamber: the baby slept in its cot; she stood at the glass in her dressing gown, her golden hair hanging down her back.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I beg your pardon a thousand times," said the detective, with deprecation, as he removed his hat. "The law sometimes obliges us to do disagreeable things, and we, servants of it, cannot help ourselves."

"At least tell me the meaning of all this," she said with ashy face and trembling lips. And he explained that he was searching the house with the authority of a search warrant.

"But what is it you want? *Who* is it?"

Again he explained to her that they were looking after an escaped fugitive, who, it was suspected, might have taken refuge in the Maze.

"I assure you, sir," she said, her gentle manner earnest, her words apparently truthful, "that no person whatever, man or woman, has been in the Maze since I have inhabited it, save myself and my two servants."

"Nevertheless, madam, we have information that some one else has been seen here."

"Then it has been concealed from me," she rejoined. "Will you not at least inform me who it is you are searching for? In confidence if you prefer: I promise to respect."

"It is an escaped criminal named Salter," replied the officer, knowing that she would hear it from Sir Karl Wynne, and wishing to be as civil to her as he could.

"Salter!" returned Mrs. Grey, showing the surprise that perhaps she did not feel. "Salter! Why Salter—at least if it is Salter—is the man who lives opposite these outer gates, and goes by the name of Smith. Salter has never been concealed here."

The very assertion made by Sir Karl Wynne. Mr. Strange took a moment to satisfy his keen sight that there was no other ingress to this room, save by the door, and no piece of furniture large enough to conceal a man in, and was then about to bow himself out. But she spoke again:

"On my sacred word of honor, sir, I tell you the truth. Sir Karl Wynne—my land—has been suspecting that his agent, Smith, might turn out to be Salter: I suspected the same."

"But that man is not Salter, madam. Does not bear any resemblance to him. It was a misapprehension of Sir Karl's."

"And—do I understand that you are still looking for him here?—in the Maze? I do *not* understand."

"Not looking for that man Smith, madam, but for the real Salter. We have reason to think he is concealed here."

"Then, sir, allow me to affirm to you in all solemnity, that Salter is not, and never has been concealed here," she said with dignity. "Such a thing would be impossible without my knowledge."

He did not care to prolong the conversation. He had his work to do, and no words from her or any one else would deter him from it. As he was quitting the room, he suddenly turned to ask a question.

"I beg your pardon, madam. Have you any objections to tell me whether your two servants, Hopley and his wife, occupy the same room and bed?"

For a moment or two she gazed at him in silence, possibly in surprise at the question, and then gave her answer almost indifferently.

"Not in general, I believe. Hopley's cough is apt to be troublesome at night, and it disturbs his wife. But I really do not know much about their arrangements; they make them without troubling me."

The detective proceeded on his mission. He soon discovered the concealed door in the evening sitting-room, and passed into the passage beyond it. Ah, if Salter or any other criminal, were in hiding within its dark recesses, there would be little chance for him now. The passage, very close and narrow, had no egress on either side; it ended in a flight of nearly perpendicular stairs. Groping his way down, he found himself in a vault, or underground room. Mr. Strange was provided with matches, and lighted one. It was a bare place, the brick walls dripping moisture, the floor paved with stone.—Here he discovered another narrow passage that led straight along, it was hard to say how far, and he had need to strike more than one match before he had traversed it. It ended in a flight of stairs: which he ascended, and—found himself in a summer house at the extreme boundary of the garden.

So far the search had not realized his expectations. On the contrary, it was so unsatisfactory as to be puzzling to his experienced mind. There had been no tracks or traces of Philip Salter; no indication that the passages were ever used; and the doors had opened at his touch, unsecured by bolt or bar.

Taking a look round him while he strove to solve more than one problem, the detective slowly advanced along the garden. All the garden ground surrounding the house, it must be understood, whether useful or ornamental, was *within* the circle of the maze of trees. Turning a corner, after passing the fruit trees and vegetables, he came in view of the lawn and of the green-house; also of Ann Hopley, who was plucking some thyme from the herb bed.

"Have you found what you were looking for, sir?" she asked, every appearance of animosity gone, as she raised her head to put the question when he came near."

"Not yet."

"Well, sir, I hope your satisfied. You may take my word for it that you never will."

"Think not?" he carelessly said, looking about him.

"Any way, I am not sorry that you have been through them subterranean places underground," she resumed. "My mistress and I have never ventured to look what was in them, and she has not much liked the thought of their being there. We got Hopley to go down one day, but his shoulders stuck in a narrow part, and he had to force 'em back and come up again."

The detective stepped into the green-house, and stood a moment admiring the choice flowers and some purple grapes ripening above. Ann Hopley had gathered her herbs when he came out, and stood with them in her hand.

"If you'd like to take a few flowers, sir, I'm sure Mrs. Grey would not wish to object. Or a bunch of grapes. There's some ripe."

"Thank you, not now."

He pulled open the tool-house door, only partly closed, and looked in on Hopley. The old man was cleaning it out. Sweeping the floor with a besom, and raising a cloud of dust enough to choke a dozen throats, he was hissing and fizzing over his work, just as some grooms hiss when they rub down a horse. Hopley looked very decrepid today; his swollen knees were bent and tottering; his humped back was all conspicuous as he stood; while his throat was enveloped in some folds of an old scarlet comforter.

"Mr. Hopley, I think," said the detective politely. "Will you please tell me the name of the gentleman that's staying here?"

But Hopely, bent nearly double over his work, took no notice whatever; he kept on his hissing and fizzing, his back to the detective, and scattering his clouds of dust.

"If you want him to answer any questions, I shall have to bawl them out to him," cried Ann Hopley, advancing. "He's as deaf as a post and can make out no voice but mine: especially when he has one of his sore throats upon him, as he has to-day. For my part I think these bad throats have to do with the deafness.

Stepping into the midst of the dust, she shook her husband by the arm somewhat roughly, and he raised his head with a start.

"Here, Hopley, just listen a minute," she screamed at the top of her voice. "This gentleman is asking you to tell him the name of the gentleman who is staying here—that's it, is it not, sir?"—and Mr. Strange nodded acquiescence. "The name, Hopley, the name."

"I never seed no lady here but the missis," said old Hopley at length in his imperfect articulation caused by the loss of his teeth, as he touched his broad brimmed hat respectfully to the stranger, and looked up, leaning on the besom.

"Not a lady, Hopley; a gentleman," bawled Ann.

"I've see'd no gentleman here at all."

"He is rather stupid in his intellect, is he not?" cried the agent to the wife.

She resented the imputation. "Not at all sir; no more than deaf people always seem to be."

"What gentleman be it?" asked Hopley. "Smith the agent comes for the rent at quarter day, and Sir Karl Wynne came over one morning about the well."

"Neither of those," roared out Mr. Strange. "The gentleman that's hiding here, he says."

"Not them, Hopley," called Ann in his ear. "The gentleman that's hiding here, he says."

"Hiding where?" asked Hopley. "In them underground places? I never knowed anybody was hiding in 'em.'

"Ask him if he'll swear that no man whatever is in hiding here, Mrs. Hopley."

"The gentleman says will you swear that no man is in hiding here at the Maze?" repeated Ann, somewhat improving upon the question.

"I'll swear that there's neither man nor woman in the place, sir, to my knowledge, hiding or not hiding, but us two and the missis," was the answer, given directly to Mr. Strange, and as emphatically as his utterly toothless jaws allowed. "I swear it to my God."

"And you may trust him, sir," said Ann quietly. "I don't believe he ever told a lie in his life: much less took an oath to one. Hopley's honest and straightforward as the day, though he is a martyr to rheumatism."

Mr. Strange nodded his head to the man and left him to his sweeping. The work and the hissing began again before he was out of hearing. In both the tool-house and the green-house no possible chance was afforded of concealment—to ascertain which had doubtless been the chief motive for the detective's invasion of them.

"I don't believe the old man knows about it," ran his thoughts; "but the woman *does*."

Ann Hopley carried her herbs indoors, and began picking them. Mr. Strange, calling the policeman to his aid, made as thorough a search out of doors as the nature of the premises and the puzzling maze of trees allowed. There was a closed-in passage of communication through the labyrinth, between the back of the house and the outer circle: but it was built solely with a view to convenience, as the detective satisfied himself—such as the bringing in of coals or beer to the Maze, or, as Ann Hopley expressed it, the carrying of a coffin out of it—and afforded no facilities for concealment. Borrowing a candle of her, Mr. Strange betook himself once more to the secret passages, both policemen with him, to institute a more minute and thorough examination.

There ensued no result. And Mr. Detective Strange withdrew his men and finally departed himself; one mortifying word beating its unsatisfactory refain on his brain, "BAFFLED."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LOVE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

No jewel'ed beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music flow,
And dear, oh, very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine!

Oh joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me;
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody.
My soul upsprings, a deity!
To hear her voice divine,
And dear, oh very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine!

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
'T was all for her I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh, none so dear to me
As this sweet love of mine!

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

I have traveled this road every day of my life—or since it was laid—in charge of the San Francisco, the prettiest and best engine on the line. It was a southwestern road, running, as we will say, from A to Z. I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby the very image of its pa. I had always a dollar or two to put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of man. To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, doesn't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my time spinning yarns and listening to the railroad jokes in the round-house. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her "Joe."

I never had belonged to any of the railway clubs or organizations, and never should if it hadn't been for Granby. Granby was a nephew of our division superintendent, and it's a failing with we men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters, if only to touch the hem of their garments. Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me from A to Z. He had a good opinion of me, and as far I know we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Gueldon."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"We meet once a fortnight," he replied, "and have a jolly good time. We want practical thinking men of of your sort, and I'll propose you if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer doesn't have many nights or days to himself, and the club would take one evening a fortnight from Joe. I said:

"I will ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" he said.

"Joe," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'Can't spare you, my dear,'" said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"I shall miss you, Ned. But you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it they must be superior men."

So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have on me. But coming to drink more of it than I had ever done before at the club table, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; After so many more, I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out, and they were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories and even came to puns. I heard somebody say: "Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first." Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Gueldon, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it when three months later I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me with her baby on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe. "I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a barroom."

"Which means that I do," said I.

"And look like one," said Joe, as she looked herself and baby in the spare bed room.

One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault with you before. You've been kind, good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean—you know."

"It's only club night," said I.

"It will grow," said she.

Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so like a bolted and strapped down demon as steam is, is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, not only Thursday night, but all days of the week, will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer, who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessings all these years; don't throw them away. Ned, if you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Joe! She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child; I'll never pain you again."

"And I meant it: but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I looked at my watch; I had only five minutes to reach the spot.

Joe's word came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

"The "San Francisco" glistened in the sun. The cars filled rapidly. I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye and promising to come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Kittie; good-bye, Lue," I heard him say. "Don't be nervous. The 'San Francisco' is safest engine on the line and Gueldon the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust every mortal to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "We'll get through it somehow, and Joe will never talk to me again." After all it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We are off.

Five hours from L to D; five back again. I saw a flutter and never guessed what it was until we had passed the train at the wrong place. Two minutes and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me and I laughed. I heard the shareholder say respectfully:

"Of course, Mr. Gueldon, you know what you are about?"

Then I was alone, wondering whether I should go faster and slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question:

"How many miles an hour are we making?" I didn't know.

Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying to slacken the speed of the "San Francisco." I could not think what I should do—was it this or that?—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—crash! I was thrown somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered and not hurt. I gained the shore and gazed on my work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead and dying and wounded were strewn around. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead, and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering "Murder!"

The news had gone to A, and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place in the trees, and found five bodies lying there all in their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby and two small children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy born of my anguish? They looked like—O, heaven—they were my wife, my children, all cold and dead!

How had they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair, I gazed on the lovely face of my wife, my children; I called them by name. There was no answer. There never would be.

A whistle! Great God! Onward up the track thundered another train! Its red eyes glared upon me; I threw myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms!

* * * * * * *

"His head is extremely hot said somebody.

I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" said she. "A little better?"

I was so astonished and rejoiced at the sight of her that I could not speak at first.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, "for the train went over me; but I felt no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," said my wife.

Why, I tried to move—there was nothing the matter with me. I was in my room, opposite to me was a crib, in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?

"It's nine o'clock," said Joe. "You came home in such a state from the club that I could not wake you. You were not fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The 'San Francisco' is half way to A, I suppose, and you have been frightening me half to death with your dreadful talk."

"It was only a dream—only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house?" said I.

"Are we heathens?" asked Joe.

"Give it to me, this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it, and took the oath—too solemn to be repeated here—that what had happened should never occur again. And if the "San Francisco" ever comes to grief the verdict will not be, as it has been so often, "the engineer was drunk."

In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

No selfishness is so hideous as the selfishness which prevails among the passionate, who, having enjoyed all the wild delicium of pleasure with each other, heartlessly abandon one another in the hour of extremity.

THE OLD SWEET SONG.

I remember a song whose numbers throng
As sweetly in memory's twilight hour
As the voice of the blessed in the Realm of Rest,
Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower.
'Tis a simple air, but when others depart,
Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart.

I have wandered far under sun and star,
Heard the rippling music in every clime,
From the carol clear of the gondolier
To the wondrous peal of a soured chime;
I have drunk in the tones which bright lips let fall,
To thirsting spirit in tower and hall:

The anthems bland of the masters grand
Have borne me aloft on their sweeping wings;
And the thunder-roll of the organ's soul

Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings,
Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills
With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping hills;

But none remain like the simple strain
Which my mother sang to my childish ears,
As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft
She gently hovered to soothe my fears.
I can see her now with her bright head bent
In the light which the taper so feebly lent.

I can see her now, with her fair, pure brow,
And the dark locks pushed from her temples clear,
And the liquid rays of her tender gaze
Made eloquent by a trembling tear,
As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all
Like rose-leaves over my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet song,

Though silent the lips that breathed them to me,
Like the chimes so clear which mariners hear
From the sunken cities beneath the sea;
And never, ah! never can they depart
While shines my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, that old sweet song!
I gather it up like a golden chain,
Link by link, when to slumber I sink,
And link by link when I wake again;
I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep rest
Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 54, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I LEAN UPON THEE, DEAR, WITHOUT ALARM."

Naomi awoke with a strange feeling of trouble on the morning after her father's return with his young wife. She felt like one who, after some sudden bereavement, awakens to the old familiar world to find it desolate and empty.

"I have lost my father," came like a cry of despair from her troubled heart; and then came Reason, the calm and quiet teacher, and sat down by her bed, and argued the matter to its logical issue, and showed that her father had done her no wrong. She blushed at the thought of her own selfishness—she to grudge her father this new happiness—she who had given so much of her heart to another—she who was so soon to abandon the home-nest.

"But my father has always been first, my father will always be first, in my heart," she said to herself excusingly.

"Let her only make my father happy, and I shall be satisfied," she thought, as she stood before the little looking-glass, twisting the heavy coil of hair round her neat tortoise-shell comb. "I wish she were only a little older. She has such a childish look. I cannot fancy her a companion for my father."

Naomi went down stairs with a determination to be very kind to the poor little wife—to shield her, if need were, from Aunt Judith's acrimony; but on this first morning Aunt Judith was scrupulously civil; if she erred at all it was on the side of over-politeness. She was inclined to be righteous over-much in her dealings with the new member of the household.

Jim greeted his stepmother with frank familiarity, and offered to take her for a nutting expedition in the woods after dinner.

"Of course you're fond of nuts?" he said.

"I'm very fond of the woods," answered Cynthia, whose heart overflowed with kindly feeling for these stepchildren, and who was grateful for the smallest token of regard on their part.

"I should like to know how the business is to go on if you're out nutting every afternoon," said Judith, turning sharply on her nephew. She was not going to waste civility on him.

"Come, now, I've been sticking pretty close to the shop for the last six months. I don't often play truant, I'm sure, and there's not much doing in my line between dinner and tea."

"Of course, if Mrs. Haggard wishes you to go out walking—"

"Call me Cynthia, please," cried the girl. "Unless you would rather call me sister."

"You're very kind, but I could not turn my tongue to it. I never had a sister, and I can't bring myself to make believe. As to calling you by your Christian name, I should feel myself wanting in respect to my brother's wife; and nobody shall ever have cause to lay that at my door."

"I shall call you Cynthia, though," said Jim. "It would never do for a great hobbledehoy like me to be calling a pretty little thing like you mother. Folks would split their sides with laughing. And you'll come nutting this afternoon? There's hazel and cob-nuts, and no end, in Matcherly Wood. It's three miles from here; but you can walk that much, I daresay."

"I am a pretty good walker," answered Cynthia, delighted to be on such good terms with her step-son.

"Shall I wash the tea things?" she asked, when breakfast was over, and Joshua had gone out.

"I've washed 'em for the last four-and-twenty years, and I shouldn't like harm to come to them," answered Judith politely; "you needn't trouble about it, Mrs. Haggard. All you've got to do is to amuse yourself; you're the mistress here, and it's your place to be waited on."

"But, indeed, Miss Haggard, I have never been accustomed—" protested Cynthia.

"What you may have been accustomed to has nothing to do with it," replied Judith. "You are my brother's wife, and you shall be treated as such. There's the best parlor, when you like to sit by yourself."

"I had rather sit in the room you use," said Cynthia, oppressed by much courtesy; "I should be very sorry to cause any trouble or alteration in your life."

Naomi was somewhat restless in her goings in and out, and up and downstairs, between breakfast and dinner, on this particular morning, having an idea that, as Oswald had not paid her his accustomed visit yesterday, he was likely to come early to-day; and she was anxious to be the first to tell him of the startling change that had taken place in the household, to soften the edge of his resentment should he be inclined to resent this act of her father's. She had not quite realised that no one had any right to question Joshua's disposal of his own life.

There were the usual morning tasks, a batch of starched curtains to be ironed on the board in front of the kitchen window—the best parlor to be dusted and beeswaxed—flowers to be trimmed and watered. But throughout her performance of these duties, Naomi was listening or watching for Oswald,s coming. Dinner-time came, however, and no Oswald.

Joshua went out directly after dinner, and Judith retired to her stronghold behind the counter. Cynthia and Jim started for their walk to Matcherly Wood, and Naomi was standing at the parlor window, in her afternoon dress, in that quiet hour of the declining day when the sky takes a golden tinge above distant woods. She had been watching some time, when she saw her lover coming round the bend of the road, walking slowly till he caught sight of her, and then quickening his pace, and approaching her with a smile. She went out to the garden gate to meet him, and they went to the garden together, instead of going into the dull old house. They greeted each other with the tranquil affection of lovers whose future happiness is secure, whose present bliss is undisturbed by outward influences or inward doubts.

"Why didn't you come yesterday evening, Oswald?"

"Because my father took it into his head to be unusually conversational, and I did not like to leave him without a listener. I thought I could make amends for last night's self-denial by coming to tempt you out for a morning ramble in the woods; but this morning the Squire discovered that he was not well enough to keep an appointment with his tenant at Chale, and sent me off to represent him; so after a ten-mile ride upon Herne I had to walk about a farm all the morning, hearing complaints and excuses, and inspecting improvements of whose nature or advantage I had only the vaguest idea, yet about which I knew I should have to stand a rasping cross-examination on my return."

"Poor Oswald!"

"I'm afraid I never was made to grow rich out of the soil, Naomi. And did you really miss me, dearest? That would be a wonderful admission from you. You don't often gratify my self-esteem by letting me think myself necessary to your happiness."

"Oswald!" she said with a tender reproachfulness in the serious eyes, which meant much more than words.

"You would have me believe that love's best language is silence," he answered, playfully; "but I sometimes wish you were just a little more given to sweet words."

"There are some feelings that are too sacred to be spoken of lightly. If it should please Heaven to put my affection to the test, you would not find it wanting."

"I believe that, dear. I have a measureless faith in your truth and constancy, only I am exacting enough to sigh for a little more warmth as well. There are moments in which I have asked myself, Is this love, or only a sublimated friendship? We have schooled ourselves to such perfect tranquility. We have so stifled all the agitations and emotions which poets depict as love's necessary adjuncts—nay, love's very atmosphere—that I have found myself asking, "Is it really love? or is it some calmer, softer, holier feeling, such as the saints of old felt for each other; a sentiment which might be breathed through a convent grating, or communicated by martyr in a pitying sigh on the pathway to the stake?"

"I don't know whether my love is like the love your poets write about, Oswald—that Court poet, for instance, who was in love with Amhret and Sacharissa at the same time—but I know that if my life were weighed against it love would conquer life."

"My dearest," cried Oswald, tenderly, drawing her to him, "I will never say these foolish things again. Yours is the true love. Yours are the depth and steadfastness, and I am a shallow wretch who cannot properly understand any feeling that does not gush forth in a torrent of words. Darling, I will trust you, and believe in the love that is not loud."

They had come to the end of the garden; and to that green oasis of grass plot, where there were a bench and table under the shade of trees whose leaves were now fast falling, or hanging limb and yellow on the dark brown branches. It was one of those still autumnal afternoons on which the earth seems to rest in a dreamy silence, as if wearied by summer's long pageant. Her corn is garnered, her fruits are stored, she has done her work, this faithful Mother Earth, and she folds her hands in the soft September atmosphere and composes herself for winter's long sleep.

"My Naomi, how grave you are," said Oswald when they had strolled to the wilderness without a word on either side.

"I have something to tell you, Oswald," she said, looking at him anxiously

"Nothing bad, I hope. No postponement of our marriage?"

"No. It is something about my father, something that will surprise you very much—perhaps shock you—"

Oswald was puzzled. He had been taught to consider Joshua Haggard a rich man—a man who made money fast and spent it slowly; but Naomi's words and manner suggested trouble of some kind, and he could only imagine financial difficulty.

"You mean your father's business is not so profitable as we believe," he said, "he has some apprehension of failure?"

"It is nothing about business. My father is married again, Oswald. He brought his wife home to us yesterday evening."

"That is a surprise! But as long as it does not make you unhappy, darling, and I don't see why it should, as you'll soon be out of a step-mother's power, it can't make any difference to me. Who is the lady? Is she very grim and awful?"

"She is very pretty, and younger than I."

"You don't mean it?"

"I hope you won't despise my father, Oswald?" said Naomi deprecatingly.

"Despise him for marrying a pretty young woman instead of an ugly old one! No, my dear, I am not so inhuman. The fact is sudden enough to be startling, but it is not unnatural. And a pretty girl will hardly be a gorgon as a step-mother. You are not very much afraid of her, are you Naomi?"

"Poor child, I think she is more inclined to be afraid of me. It is such a relief to have told you, Oswald. You will not think any the worse of my father, will you, dear?"

"Think worse of him for being human enough to fall in love. No, Naomi, I am too deeply entangled in the meshes myself not to have a fellow-feeling for another prisioner in the net. And for a man of your father's age, love is a very serious business. Cupid has a stronger grip upon sober manhood than on shallow and frivolous youth. Tell me all about it, dear. Who is the lady? Young, you say, and pretty? Do I know her? Have I ever seen her? Is she one of your Bethelites?"

"No, Oswald; she's quite a stranger. She was never at Combhollow till yesterday evening?"

"And you know nothing about her?"

Naomi was silent. Here was a divided duty. Oswald, as her future husband, had a right to possess her confidence; yet loyalty to her father demanded that she should keep the secret of his wife's lowly origin; and she had some sense of personal shame in the idea that her father's wife had been one little year ago a houseless wanderer upon the country side without name or friends—a waif, whose only history was of starvation or ill-usage.

"Is she vulgar, or disagreeable in any way?" asked Oswald, taking Naomi's silence as an evidence of embarrassment, and picturing to himself some miller's blowsy-cheeked daughter, or worse, perhaps, the vivacious barmaid to some roadside inn.

"No, she is gentle and quiet. I do not think you will dislike her. I only feared that you might think my father foolish for having chosen such a young wife."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RED TAPE.

A Lawyer's Story.

BY PHILIP F. SNYDER.

After unusually protracted and busy sessions of the Philadelphia Courts, feeling wearied with the labors and excitements of numerous cases which I had been called upon to present or defend before "their honors the judges," and the "gentlemen of the jury," I suddenly made up my mind to rusticate for a time; and selected the celebrated Bedford Springs as the place where—from the beauty of its mountains and valleys, the salubrity of its breezy atmosphere, and the life-giving qualities of its mineral springs—I would be most likely to gather fresh stores of health and pleasure. Besides, being an ardent admirer of the gentle sex, I had hopes of making the acquaintance of some charming beauties, and of enjoying some agreeable conversations with the more intelligent, but lesser stars of the drawing room, amid the romantic scenes which surround the Springs. So I commenced packing my trunk for a stay of some weeks duration. On the table, in my room, lay a sheet of envelope paper, which I had taken from a bundle of briefs I had been looking over and separating on the previous evening, and around which I had carelessly wound the piece of red tape that held them together. Having occasion to use the paper in covering some articles that did not need tying, I was about to throw the tape into my table drawer, when the thought flashed through my mind that, somehow or other, that piece of tape might be needed before my return; so I carelessly threw it into the side pocket of my coat, and covered it with my handkerchief.

After I had proceeded a few miles upon my journey, and finished reading a morning paper, I looked around me to see into what sort of company I had been thrown. As I glanced at my fellow passengers, my eyes fell upon a group of persons sitting opposite to me, one of whom absorbed those eyes for the rest of the journey. The group was composed of three persons, a young lady, with her father and mother. I mention the young lady first, not from want of reverence for superiority of years, but from the prominent interest I felt in her. She was of full heighth, and commanding in appearance, yet her innate dignity was subdued by an expression of gentle melancholy and sweet serenity, that added interest to her unusually fair complexion, and somewhat attenuated, but beautifully formed features, that told unmistakeably that she was an invalid merging into convalescence. Her eyes were blue and transparent, and a profusion of dark hair, added to the pallor of her cheeks, whose roses had fled at the rude touch of the hand of sickness. As a contrast to her slenderness, her mother exhibited an exuberance of womanly charms, that betokened a vigorous constitution and perfect health; and her father was sufficiently portly to make an excellent candidate for an aldermanship, should his inclinations lean towards politics. The father, (I cannot call him the *old* gentleman, for he was in the fullest enjoyment of manly power, in that period of life when Time seems to forget to turn his hour glass over again, and years run on without a trace of his finger,) had reversed the order of seats that staid conductors of rail-road cars like so much to have respected, and sat facing his wife and daughter, and the seat alongside of him was covered with a basket, filled with such things as an invalid would like to refresh a long journey and a weak frame with.

Fearing that my frequent glances of interest upon the party might be considered as impolite or obtrusive for a stranger, I drew out of my pocket the latest number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, and endeavored to make amends for my inquisitive looks at them by attempts to absorb its varied and interesting contents, but in vain; for the trio were too near me for me to forget them, and the subdued undertone, almost a whisper, in which the parents talked with the invalid, intensely excited my auditory nerves, while her musical voice, soft and sweet as the low tones of a flute, or the warblings of a distant bird, thrilled my heart with indescribable emotions; so that in spite of my notions of politeness, I insensibly found my eyes constantly wandering from my paper, and always in one direction. Even the varied beauties of nature's fertile hills and vales, through which we were passing, failed to elicit any feelings of admiration, on account of the uncontrollable tumult of my thoughts.

The car in which we rode was very full, and as the sun rose towards the zenith, the heat considerably augmented, and the tinge of the rose-leaf replaced the lily-whiteness of the fair lady's cheeks for a time. A faintness was evidently coming over her, and her fan was more briskly employed than it had been before; and consequently her father lifted up the window, but found to his chagrin, and her discomfort, that the ketch of it was broken, and of course it could not be fastened up. He held it up for sometime, until his fingers became tired, and then he was obliged to let it down again. He hunted in the basket for a stick or a string, but he found none there; so with a disappointed and despairing look upon his countenance, he raised it again, and continued to hold it up, although his daughter begged him not to inconvenience himself so much on her account, and told him that she would try and get along with the window down. At this critical moment, I thought of the piece of red tape in my pocket, which I then triumphantly drew from its hiding place, and asking him to allow me the pleasure of fastening up the window for him, I made a loop with the tape, and connected the sash with the inner blind, so that they might enjoy the fresh air without restraint. As under such circumstances I did not care to hurry the operation, and it required the assistance of the gentleman to hold up the window while I secured it, it afforded me the opportunity of opening a conversation with him; and when the matter was satisfactorily accomplished, the young lady expressed her thanks with such emphasis, and seemed so grateful for the little aid I had rendered her, that her father removed the basket from the seat beside him, and remarked that as I was alone, he would feel gratified if I would occupy the vacant seat. Of course so desirable an invitation, I could not feel at liberty to decline, and so in the politest terms I could command, I accepted his courteous offer, and sat facing the invalid beauty. From the fact of my carrying red tape with me, the father ventured inquiringly to suppose that I was a lawyer; and I felt obliged to inform him of the manner in which the rosy string came to be deposited in my pocket.

The scenery we passed over, now renewed its attractions to my eyes; and as it was not the first time I had passed over the route, I took occasion to point out the most interesting views as we rode along, and to expatiate somewhat poetically upon their romantic and artistic features. The young lady rallied, and soon charmed me with the wit and eloquence of her conversation, as we compared notes of the different places of resort we had visited, and related various incidents which had occurred in our pilgrimages to those shrines of health and pleasure.

After we left the cars, I was invited to ride in the carriage that was to convey them to the Springs, so that by the time we reached our place of destination, I had become well acquainted with the whole party; and as we parted, and the gentleman and myself exchanged cards, he expressed the hope that we would be much in each other's company, a wish that I heartily responded amen to.

For a few days after our arrival at the Springs, I saw but little of the young lady, but her father and myself talked and walked together, with the delight and confidence of old friends. Still I had in the interim, several short chats with her in front of the mineral spring in the morning, and in the drawing-room in the evening. But as day by day the tonic qualities of the mineral waters, and the salubrious air of the mountains, infused new strength into the constitution of the invalid, and gradually restored its former vigor, I was enabled to pay her great attention, and to spend more time with her amid the beauties of nature that were so profusely scattered around us; so that at the end of four weeks I had allotted for my visit, I found that she had insensibly become a necessary adjunct to my happiness: and I could not think of parting with her, without ascertaining whether my hopes of one day making her my wife, would meet with encouragement from her. The evening previous to the day of my intended departure, we sat in the full blaze of the golden August moon in the "Pavilion," admiring the landscape around us, and I spoke of the sorrow that the anticipation of so soon parting with her gave me. I observed that her voice trembled as she expressed her regrets; and after alluding to the manner of our introduction to each other, she remarked that I had largely contributed to the pleasure and success of their visit, and hoped that we might meet there again the next season, to renew the pleasures of our friendship. I was satisfied from her manner that my hopes were not without some foundation, and that my attentions had by no means been objectionable to her, but my delicate sense of honor dictated that I should first acquaint her parents with the fact that I loved their daughter, before confessing my feelings to her; particularly after considering the unusual and accidental manner in which I had become acquainted with her.

As yet I knew nothing of her parents pecuniary circumstances, and I had imparted to them as little information concerning mine. I therefore sought an interview with them, and acquainted them with my preference for their daughter; at the same time giving them some items of my private history, and reference to persons of standing in my native city, who could corrobate my statements, and asking the privilege, until they could obtain satisfactory information respecting me, to correspond with the object of my affection, provided she had no objection to receive and answer my letters. To my great relief and delight, the father, who had not been an uninterested observer of my attentions to the daughter, informed me that my position at the bar and in society, and my family antecedents, were all satisfactory to him, as he had made inquiries respecting me of some of my friends who were visiting the Springs, of whom he had some knowledge, and in whom he reposed perfect confidence; and at the same time he assured me, that if his daughter reciprocated my affection, he would impose no obstacle to our union.

Of course I lost no time in seeking the lady who held the sources of my happiness in her control, and of expressing to her my ardent attachment to one whom a kind Providence had so unexpectedly introduced to me; and I received satisfactory assurances from her that my affection was not unappreciated.

Under such circumstances, no one would think of blaming me for prolonging my visit for a week or two; nor will it be thought remarkable, that the charms of nature seemed arrayed with new attractions, when we discussed their beauties in the light of reciprocal affection. But Time, who regulates the matters of lovers under the same general principles as he does those of less favored mortals, separated us for a time; and I was obliged to be contented with the words of love and beauty which she traced for me with her pen upon the pure white page, instead of hearing them fall with the added eloquence of music from her ruby lips.

It might weary the reader, (particularly the unromantic one), were I to attempt to detail the experiences of our love; let it suffice to say, that they were the antipodes of that assertion of the great master of the human passions, that "the course of true love never did run smooth;" for, in a few months, there was gathered in a princely mansion in a southern city, a large and elegant company, to witness the marriage of the writer of this short story with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Honorable Augustus De Coursey; and the theme of especial interest and wonder to most of those then and there assembled, was elicited by the fact that the charming bride wore around her neck on that occasion, *a piece of red tape*, from which hung suspended an elegant diamond cross, the gift of her betrothed lover.

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

To-night I started for to cross the hall, and who should I run agin but Grandmarm Perkins, "Sarvant, marm," says I. "Yours tu marve," says she.

"Now," says I, a drawin' of her arm intu mine, "cum up tu my room and enjy yerself." And then we sot down and jest made my Cheeny cups and sarsers rattle, up ontu the shelf, there. (I alwus sot a heap by that crockry ware. It was gin tu me when I was a gal, and spected 'a like as not I should git married. It was a hundred and tu years ago, and I haint bandanerd all hopes hopes yit, cause this year I seem tu be sech a bell.)

Gradmarm Perkins is eighty year old cum the tenth day of May, the day sot to begin the great imposition. But, lal she's only an infantum in comparison tu me. Tu-night says she tu me, says she, "Patty," and says I, "What Grandmarm?" "How things has changed sence you and I was gals." "So they have," says I, I was jest a humerin' of her, ye see, fer when I was a girl, the poor critter wern't born yit. But arter all she was better tu talk tu than the chatterin' men an women of the present gineration. So, as I was sayin', we shot the door and drawed up our cheers, for the old lady is a leetle deaft, and then we reminiscented, as Mandy Malviny would call it, a considabel, if not more. Wal, jest as I had got intu the merits of a huskin' frolict that they had at Deacon Trumbill's ninety odd years ago, who should bust ontu us but that little prim piece of hoomanity, Charrie.

She cum to skort us down intu the drawin'-room, 'cause they was company there, and they didn't see nothin' tall, how they was tu git along 'thout us. And so, I sent Grandmarm along with leetle Charity, and tuck my pen in hand tu write this e-pistol, just, just to say that I was well and hope you're the same, and I'll give ye the facks of that foreseaid frollct in my next effooshun, ef you'll jest consider this as continnered on, as they du the cereals in the noosepapers.

Your most obejent sarv't

AUNT PATTY.

P. S.—When this ye see, remember me.

MARRIED POLITENESS.—"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural, and very affectionate. We thought, How pleasant was that courteous reply! How gratifying must it have been to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger, whom they may have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed impatience.

THE happiest man is he who can link the end of his life with the commencement.

"O wad some power the gift to gi'e us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Behold that pale, emaciated figure, with downcast eye, like some criminal about to meet her fate! See that nervous, distrustful, look, as she walks along with a slow and unsteady step. The pink has left her cheeks and the cherry her lips. The once sparkling, dancing eyes are now dull and expressionless. The once warm, dimpled hands are now thin and cold. Her beauty has fled. What has wrought this wondrous change? What is that which is lurking beneath the surface of that once lovely form? Does she realize her terrible condition? Is she aware of the woeful appearance she makes? Woman, from her very nature, is subject to a catalogue of diseases from which man is entirely exempt. Many of these maladies are induced by her own carelessness, or through ignorance of the laws of her being. Again, many Female Diseases, if properly treated, might be arrested in their course, and thereby prove of short duration. They should not be left to an inexperienced physician who does not understand their nature, and is, therefore incompetent to treat them. The importance of attending to Female Diseases in their earliest stages cannot be too strongly urged, for if neglected, they frequently lead to Consumption, Chronic Debility, and oftentimes to Insanity. In all classes of Female Diseases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a rival. No medicine has ever surpassed it. In "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," of which R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the author and publisher, is an extended treatise on WOMAN AND HER DISEASES. Under this head, the various affections to which woman is incident are carefully considered, accurately portrayed, and a restorative course of treatment suggested. Every woman, as she values her life and health, should possess a copy of this valuable book. If she be diseased, this "Adviser" will show her how she may be restored to health, and also direct her how she may ward off many maladies to which she is constantly being exposed. Let every suffering woman heed this timely advice and *see herself as others see her*. Price of Adviser, $1.50 (post-paid) to any address

POSTSCRIPTS.

—At a recent spelling-match in England, one man spelt it "pasnip," and got beet.

—It is estimated that four-fifths of the murders in New York for the last quarter of a century were caused by liquor drinking.

—Chester (Eng.) Cathedral, which has been in process of restoration for the past eight years, will shortly be reopened. The entire cost of the restoration is £80,000.

—A carriage with a huge trunk upon the dash-board, either means a bride or a trip to the Centennial. If the trunk is new and has four initials, ten to one it a bride!

—A French milliardist named Battaille, in Montpellier, according to the *Messenger de Midi*, recently made a run of 1,016 points, in the three-ball game, and then stopped only on account of fatigue.

—In Paris there is an attempt to revive the old Greek costume for ladies—a picturesque garment, without very much of a waist, bare armed and looking like an oat bag falling loose from the breast to the instep.

—Philadelphia will have an era of gab from May 20 to November 10 this year. There will be held here no less than sixty-two conferences, conventions, and so forth, of a State, National, International, Business, Religious, Reform and Philanthropic nature.

—There is a baby in Lewistown, this State, that has more than an ord nary share of living ancestors. It is said to have two great-grandfathers, two great-grandmothers, two grandfathers, and two grandmothers, besides its own father and mother, still in full life and being.

—The English New Testament Revision Committee have struck out as spurious the last seven verses of the last chapter of St. Mark. They have also struck out, as being a false interpolation, a verse in one of the Epistles which is frequently quoted as a proof of the doctrine of the Trinity.

—To think that for years and years we have been considering champignons as a French luxury, when 250 different species of edible mushrooms are to be found in the State of North Carolina! The truffle, that delight of epicures, is plentiful there, too, and can be increased by cultivation to an unlimited extent.

—Some delver in forgotten lore has discovered that Victoria R., as she signs herself, is the second Empress England has had, and that the first one, oddly enough, bore the same name as her present Majesty, while no other sovereign was imperial in title or bore the name. "Empress Victoria" flourished 1600 years ago.

—The headsman of France has just added an improvement to the guillotine, by means of which as soon as the sufferer falls or is pushed on to the bascule, his head runs into the lunette, and the knife comes down the next second. French criminals cannot complain of the kind attention shown them by the authorities.

—The question is now being agitated whether the Prince of Wales or the Emperor of Brazil is the champion traveller of the age; but it is one which is easy of solution. Albert Edward travelled seven thousand six hundred miles by land and twenty-three hundred by sea in seventeen weeks, but Dom Pedro has travelled as far in about as many days.

—We learn that a button has been invented in England which requires no sewing on, and has a better hold than when sewn on. This will encourage old bachelors to continue on in their blessed singleness; and those who committed matrimony for the sole purpose of having some sympathetic soul to sew buttons on their shirts, will now regret their rash step.

—A Paris woman has perfected a new method of picking pockets. She enters the omnibus with a very pretty and beautifully-dressed baby, seats herself close to the likeliest passengers, and works under cover of the baby's ample drapery. After succeeding she pinches the baby, so that it cries fearfully, and leaves the omnibus suddenly to buy candy for it.

—At a European theatre, during one of those tragical and vindictive duets usually written for tenor and bar-tone, and in which their voices sink to a very low but intense tone, indicative of their rage at white heat, an American (of course it was an American) remarked, honestly, soberly, and audibly: "They're real mad, they are!" The effect of the remark was more considerable than that of the duet upon the English speaking portion of the audience in the vicinity.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) will satisfy the most doubting, of its great merit. Pure and white as snow. Try it. Make your grocer get it.

RECEIPTS.

CHARCOAL powder is a very good thing to use for polishing knives.

WHERE there are no fruits doctors thrive. Where there are no apples empty pill boxes are plenty in every house.

PERSONS who work late at night are often troubled with sleeplessness. A light supper just before bed may be a cure.

A CERTAIN medical celebrity once said, if his patients would eat a couple of good oranges before breakfast, February to June, his practice would be gone. Ailing folks ought to try the experiment. The price of the oranges would not amount to one-fourth of the physician's bill.

To kill moths without disturbing the carpet, take a towel, dip it in water, then wring it out, and, spreading it upon the carpet, iron it dry with a hot iron, after which remove and repeat the process, going round the outside of the room. The steam thus generated will force itself through the carpet and kill both the moth and its eggs.

HOUSEKEEPERS are sometimes troubled with white spots on their varnished furniture, caused by contact with wet articles. These may be removed by holding a warming pan full of coals over the spot. Care should be taken not to hold the coals near enough to scorch; and the place should be rubbed with a flannel cloth while warm.

TO MAKE BLACK STENCIL INK, take of shellac two parts, borax one part, soft water ten parts, gum arabic one part, lampblack sufficient quantity. Boil the shellac and the borax in the water until they are dissolved, add the gum arabic, and withdraw the mixture from the fire. When cold add lampblack to bring it to a suitable color and consistence, and lastly a very small quantity of finely-powdered indigo to give it a "jet" shade. Keep in glass or earthenware vessels.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—A subscriber has sent us the following receipt for making strawberry shortcake. It seems to us to be a pretty rich article but we publish it for the benefit of all possessing a high order of digestive powers: Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one pint of sweet milk. Take nearly flour enough for a thin dough, thoroughly mix it with two teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar, nearly a teacupful of butter, with a little salt. Mix the whole, adding flour to make it as thick as teabiscuit. Bake, split into thin slices, butter the pieces. Have a good lot of strawberries previously well-sugared and put them between the pieces and on top, dipping over the whole a little juice of the berries. Let it stand in a warm place until the berries are partially cooked, and eat with sugar sprinkled over, or butter with sugar and cream, if you have it. Raspberries answer just about as well as strawberries for this shortcake.

A.—HOW MEN ARE BEWITCHED.—According to Sir Philip Sydney, the author of "The Arcadia," there is that in the well-chosen appliances of the toilet—

"Which does wan beauty beautify,
And most bewitch the captive's eye."

The lines were written more than 100 years ago, yet they apply to

DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,

the favorite cosmetic of the present age, as aptly as if they had been penned but yesterday. If the complexion is already good this delightful article will add to its brilliancy and protect it from wind, dust and all disfiguring influences as long as life lasts. If, on the other hand, it is opaque or sallow, fiery red, rough and lacks that healthy freshness which is so essential to facial beauty, the blemish will speedily disappear under the influences of this charming preparation. When the Board of Health some years ago launched their official thunderbolts at the cosmetics in use, Dr. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM was the only one excepted from the general anathema. After the strictest analysis it was proved to be entirely free from anything deleterious. As it was already known to every lady who had used it to be the most efficacious preparation of its class, foreign or domestic, this sanitary verdict of science gave an immense impetus to its sales, which are now larger than those of any other cosmetic advertised on this continent. Prepared, invented and sold by Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, New York. To be had of leading druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

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Saturday Evening, July 1, 1876.

SHALL WE BUILD A CHINESE WALL?

A new animal introduced into the cage of the "happy family," of a menagerie, will suffer may hardships, particularly if he be of a long-suffering disposition. Mischievous monkeys will playfully torment him; hungry hawks will snatch at his food; chattering magpies will annoy him with unceasing din, and fiercer animals seek to drive him from their midst; and much chastisement by the keeper may be needed to subdue the assaults of the unruly.

In some such case, John Chinaman finds himself in the United States. Americans from every quarter of the world are ready to pounce upon him and fling him back toward his native land, by way of the ocean which he crosses, or by the shorter cut downward.

Doubtless there are grave difficulties involved in this matter. It is not pleasant to have a Heathen Temple erected beside a Christian Church; it is exasperating that an outside barbarian should crowd American citizens out of employment; past experience is not reassuring when we look at such a horde of the possible voters of the future; and not a little wisdom will be needed to properly adjust the relations of Chinamen with our community. One principle must be regarded, to avoid disastrous complications. A mere selfish regard for our own convenience in this matter is no basis on which to legislate. We are bound as a nation to consider their rights as men, as well as our own. If we be more enlightened, if we have advanced farther in moral culture, if we have higher spiritual light and enjoyment, that is the strongest reason why our light in its fullest power shall be permitted to shine on them. The twinkling rays which emanate from missionary efforts, have doubtless accomplished much. Thousands are coming to the fountain of that light; we cannot afford to obscure it by injustice, nor to quench its very essence by saying: "We cherish this fire for our own warmth alone."

It has been and is the boast of America that she leads the nations in liberty, in acknowledging and maintaining the universal rights of man. An injustice to the very least of our brothers will recoil on our own heads with disaster proportioned to their weakness. The walls of Chinese exclusiveness were broken down in the interests of commerce; shall we vainly attempt to rebuild such a barrier here against the progress of the world?

BE PATIENT WITH YOURSELF.

It is not always easy to patiently endure what must be suffered from others; it is even harder to have patience with one's self. There is work to be done. That field must be plowed, or that account written up or that new dress finished. But the hand is weary, or the figures won't come right, the "head is so thick," and there's no use trying to do anything; it will only have to be done over again for it can not be well done now. The student flings aside his book in despair, and the writer often concludes he can never succeed, just because thoughts will not come at his bidding. He has overtasked himself perhaps, or the wind is in the East, or some unknown cause just now hinders the usual active working of his brain.

Now one should cultivate patience with himself. Remember that even the ocean has its tides. With all its fulness it cannot perpetually flow in or out; neither can the tides of activity or of thought be always at the full. Time is needed to gather force of body or of brain. Thought, purpose, strength will gather and when recruited, difficulties which seemed insurmountable will be laughed at, and there will be wonder why they should have seemed worth nothing. A single night may suffice to make a man new to himself, but if more time be needed take it. Persistent purpose should learn to bide its time as well as put forth strong effort.

LOVE OF LEARNING IS BETTER THAN KNOWLEDGE.

One great defect in systems of school education is the lack of proper stimulus to the pupil. Abundant inducements are held out. The child daily hears of the value of education; is told how men get rich and happy by it, and how they are degraded and worthless without it. Ambition is appealed to, and vanity is cultivated by rewards, prizes and school honors, and sharp words and stinging lashes are added, to push the unwilling laggards forward up the hill of science. Considerable of knowledge is imparted under this treatment. Pupils graduate with perhaps a fair understanding of the branches necessary for the ordinary transactions of life, but how many leave school with a love for learning, a thirst to know more, a determination to go on improving? On the contrary, is it not to the average boy like closing a prison door behind him, and emerging into liberty when he leaves the school-room and enters the store or the workshop. In after years he may lament wasted opportunities, and as he discovers the commercial value of education, he may regret not having remained longer a pupil, that he might be better fitted for his work, but he has no real love for books, no aspiration for higher culture for its own sake.

This need not be. A child is naturally eager to learn. His ten thousand questions are the torment of an unappreciative or unskillful parents. If from the first he were taught how to find answers to his questions from observation and from books, and his curiosity were kept aroused and properly directed, instead of being persistently snubbed down, he would need no promise of "good marks" or medals or class honors to make him studious.

At school he is set to tasks in which he can have little interest. What does he care whether the equator runs north and south or east and west; or what are the boundaries of Kamschatka; or who was the third King of the Egyptians? Set him to tracing the boundary line of his father's farm, or to making a list of the town officers; let him begin work at a point where his interest is awakened, and he desires to know more of the subject; then lead him by short steps to enlarge his field of inquiry, and his faculties will be sharpened.

The actual sum of knowledge gained at school, is as nothing compared with the value of a love of learning implanted and a proper guidance given to the sources where information may be gained. Under such treatment it will soon matter little whether he remain in the school-room or not. The springs have been set in motion which will not let him rest; a healthful appetite sharpened which he will seek to gratify, and for which there are abundant supplies. Not the mere successful winner of medals, who has ambitiously led his class, but the lover of learning becomes the leader of thought.

PLEASE MENTION IT.

A proverb says "children tell what they are doing, old men what they have done, and fools what they are going to do." Not aspiring to be numbered among any one of these classes, we ask the readers of the Post to pass their judgment on the labors of the past few weeks, and decide whether any improvement is visible in its columns. If the verdict is favorable, we request that in appreciation of what is discovered, you tell it to your neighbors and friends, and invite them to share what is pleasant to yourselves.

The favorable responses made to previous requests that our readers use what influence they can to extend the circulation of the Post by sending "one more" subscriber, encourage us to ask the above favor. It does one's self good to speak a kind word for another.

A LEAF FROM A SCRAP BOOK.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—*French.*

Contact with a high-minded woman is good for the life of any man.—*Henry Vincent.*

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.—*Gladstone.*

Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we've got and what we have'nt got.—*Anon.*

Poverty need not always make people poor.—*Elizabeth Wetherell.*

Whenever a man has once done a deed, it stands fixed for ever and for ever.—*Beecher.*

Better be in shame now than at the day of judgment.—*Mohammed.*

Coleridge cried, "Great God! how glorious it is to live!" Renan asks: "O God, when will it be worth while to live?"

Good, brave, strong wrestling with poverty never yet hurt any man—it has made thousands.—*Virginia F. Townsend.*

Unequal marriages are not wise, whether in age, station, temper, or anything else.—*Anon.*

God's word can never die,
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny—
Dares it in vain.—*Anon.*

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.—*Anon.*

If women were as particular about choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam.—*Anon.*

SUMMER ROSES.

A summer rose—a perfect bloom—
Whose waxen beauty lit the gloom,
Whose floating odor filled the room.

So dear the giver was to me,
I scarce could raise my glance to see
What language in his eyes might be.

And, when the happy truth was known,
I lived my life no more alone—
Love's radiant light o'er all was thrown.

Together, hand in hand, we went—
Our hearts were filled with deep content—
Such joy for earth was never meant.

Then came the parting and the tears—
No more of happy hopes and fears,
But long, laborious, silent years.

And thus the history fitly closes—
To-day I laid a wreath of roses
Upon the grave where he reposes.

SUSANNA J.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Says a quaint old writer, "God hath truly given eyes to all, and the power of vision to most, and all see not alike. There be those who see much in everything; there be others again whose sight is holden; it is a goodly thing to compare experiences."

Just now, with the great Exhibition in our midst, the above advice is especially "goodly" to follow. One might spend a part of every day within its walls during its term of duration, and at the last come away feeling much had been passed by. All that six thousand years has completed in discovery and invention, lie before us.

THE ORIENT

spreads her antiquities, and sends her treasures in art and science, to honor our Festival.

The islands of the Southern ocean vie with the nations of the Old World in contributions of skill and beauty, while Europe has answered in her friendliest mannner, our bidding to the feast.

In our last visit to the great centre of interest, we were especially struck with the magnitude of the work and the result. A miniature world lies enclosed within the walls of the Main building alone. One's feet tend naturally to it upon entering the grounds, as it is so near the gates.

We entered on this visit at one of the side doors nearest the Japanese exhibit. This seems to grow in interest every time we see it. The neat arrangement and classification of the many curious wares, and productions from that industrious and ingenious Island excite a merited admiration. The marked courtesy of the gentlemen in attendance, their great willingness to explain and their clearness in understanding and speaking a language so unlike their own, render their department very popular.

The exhibit of fine china ware from Arita is very rich and full. There are immense vases, valued at thousands and the tiniest egg-shell of a cup. The prices of these goods are clearly marked and any one purchasing them, has his or her card at once affixed, bearing the address, and stating the sale.

The bronzes attracted our notice, both for beauty of design and coloring. There was a richness in their tint, that we do not remember to have seen surpassed by any other specimen of like material. A vase of this latter had a representation of the flight of storks across the sea, which for delicacy of outline is unsurpassed.

A quaint, double-headed lobster, in copper, was so true to life that but for its duplicate quality, one would deem it ready to be served.

A candelabra of bronze was made in this wise: A heron standing on one foot held the branch, with places for half a dozen candles in its mouth. The base was a tortoise in the attitude of crawling.

THE LACQUER WARE

was very beautiful, and in it were shown cabinets, boxes, trays, of all sorts. We were told that the introduction of the gold leaf was done in many instances by threads of gold being let down into the melted lacquer, and the articles, such as trays, boxes, etc., sawed in shape and polished afterwards, then varnished.

The armor shown was very interesting, some of it being very ancient, and of the most intricate workmanship.

Two pieces of tough skin, somewhat of a shield shape, hung among it. We were curious to know the use of them, and were told that they were for wearing under the strange, little, wooden saddles, to protect the horses' sides, and were made of ox hide. They looked more like the skin of the rhinoceros, being of great thickness, but we were assured by the courteous attendant that they were ox-hide. He went so far in his pleasant wish to answer our questions and lighten our darkness, as to run briskly to another part and bring a book, an album we supposed, and show us the picture of the horse with them on.

The arrows and small spears were odd looking, and it must be owned, deadly in aspect.

A large and entirely complete model of a pleasure boat was shown us—made to go by sail, and also to be rowed. The silken sails and awnings, the comfortable looking bamboo seats, etc., made it an attractive object.

Among these smaller articles for ornament—"bric-a-brac," as we term such—there is much fancy and no little humor, albeit of a ghastly kind displayed.

A China Fatima is on her knees, with streaming hair and arms clasped despairingly about the uplifted arm of a fierce Japanese Blue Beard, who is ready to cut off her head. "Nothing new under the sun." We are always finding out an earlier origin for such traditions; perhaps after all, in the ages gone by, the real Blue Beard lived in Japan, and retributive justice ordained that his history be written, and the memory of his crimes endure and be told in all tongues.

Of the beautiful screens, painted and wrought upon silk, the rich stuffs, the carved ivory works and wood-work, we must speak in detail another time.

Pass we now to Egypt and the Nile.

"SOODAN"—ITS MORNING GREETING TO THE YOUNGEST NATION."

is inscribed on the right of the stately entrance to this department. The heavy pillars which mark its boundary are capped by feathery palm plumes, colored their natural green.

To the lovers of antiquity, a most interesting model in clay, Nile clay, as one of the attendants told me, of the head of Pharaoh Rameses—the veritable Pharaoh of our Sunday school day, the treacherous Egyptian, who vexed the soul of God's meekest prophet and so sorely tasked his suffering brethren. This bust is copied from an original one found bearing date 1350 years B. C., and claiming to represent Pharaoh as a young man. The countenance is not hard or unpleasing, although the mouth displays craft, and there are cruel lines about the long eastern eyes. The curve of the upper lip is very decided. This bust is a present from the Khedive to the Pennsylvania school of Industrial Art.

A door to the Sanctuary of a Mosque, done in the 14th century, displays rich carving and color.

As you advance in this department, a door seems to close upon the new world, the gorgeous coloring of the East ravishes the eye. The richest embroidery of gold and silver upon velvet and silk; cloths of heavy silk, stiff with threads of gold, tufted Eastern stuffs, with strange arabesques and tropical flowers wrought in them, lie heaped in masses of careless grace and glowing splendor.

The luxury of the East is present in all things; the saddles for horses and camels are covered with velvet and embroidery. A stuffed crocodile, his treacherous tears all dry for aye, lies serenely tranquil among the gleaming colors.

An Arabic door displayed great delicacy and intricacy of design and carving. Among the richly covered saddles, etc., there was an old wooden one, leather-covered, for a camel. The flat seat had sides to secure the rider when the rocking gait of the "desert ship" threatened to shake him out.

Its worn appearance called up many visions of burning desert-sands—of withering simoons blighting the rider—of scorching sun rays and cloudless tropical skies that doubtless made those blisters on the leather cover. Beside it, hangs an old shirt of chain armor, with not a few rents, whether rusted through by the long years, or else broken by passionate spear or dagger thrust in wild encounter we know not, but we could have dreamed among these strange relics for hours.

From the desert sands and the placid waters of old Nile away we speed to the dark wilds of the frozen North. In this miniature world, where we wandered, our whimsical fancy could lead our feet from pole to pole in quick succession.

Next we stopped at the

SWEDISH DEPARTMENT.

Although we miss in it the fervid coloring of the glowing south, there is no corresponding lack of interesting matter.

The hearty response of this nation to our invitation to join with us in our first Centennial, and the pains she has taken to prove her lively interest in our success, gives her a warm place in our regard. Nor is she a whit behind other nations in many leading mechanical arts and sciences. Her works bear evidence of patient industry, careful study and skill.

First let us notice the wood carvings. In these she is not surpassed. The pupils' work from the Technical School was especially fine.

The life-size figures representing the military costumes of different periods, were excellent. In different marbles, and in work of beaten and filagree silver, her exhibit was in no respect lacking.

Two curious Pyramids attracted our attention, and excited our wonder as to what they were. A near inspection showed them to be of Sterine candles and matches. 'Certainly she means her light to shine before men.

A pathetic group in life-sized figures, arrested our eye. Two hunters, with guns in their hands, and a woman and child on each side, stand by a wounded reindeer. The deer is real and wonderfully natural in its attitude and expression. The wound, the simulated stream of blood reddening its sides and the ground, are painfully life-like. The woman and child look sympathetic, the men wear a satisfied expression over the successful shot. Our sympathies go with the poor faithful beast, and we regret so much the necessity for bloodshed to gratify man's appetite that we almost determine to become a vegetarian.

Those who have read Herr Mugge's delightful story of "Afraja" will look with interest on the

LAPPISH GROUP IN THE SNOW.

The father sits in his queer sled, packed in rather, for it resembles a scull boat on runners, to which is attached a real rein-deer, while his diminutive but hardy wife holding a tiny baby, packed away, also, in a kind of pointed case, nothing visible but a funny little flat nose and two beady black eyes trudges bravely after her "lord," in the snow, this last happily represented by cotton bating.

Alas! and alas for the nineteenth century, and its work of reform! We fear there is a need for missionary work among the Lapps in the matter of Women's Rights and the doctrine of Man's Inferiority! The costumes were brightly picturesque, abounding in blue and scarlet, with much ornamentation of brass and gilt about the throat and bust of the woman.

We must not omit the mention of a relic of much interest.

A chair of carved wood, made from part of the line-of-battle ship, "Aplet," sunk in the North Sea, June, 1670; recovered, 1870—206 years after it had gone down.

The temptation to sit on it was so great, we could *not* but yield for a second or two—it looked nice and strong, and—there was no one specially near.

Pray do *not* give our whereabouts to any wrathful official should this meet his eye—for we did no harm—and did not poke our umbrella *at* the delicate Parian and glassware, and *through* the canvas of a lovely painting, as has been the playful custom of not a few merry souls.

The power to flit from country to country made us feel as though the some of our childish desire had been reached, the possession of Fortunatu's, "Wish Cap"—

Clapping it on figuratively, let our young friend understand—we found ourselves across the blue Atlantic, and in the dear old "States," "our foot upon our native heath," if our name *isn't* MacGregor.

THE UNITED STATES.

We could give no more than a hasty survey of the large exhibit in this department. Short as it was, we felt that we had no cause to be ashamed of our place in the picture.

All the various industries pertaining to the different sections, were excellently well represented. The manufactures of the Northern and Eastern States in cottons, brass and silver work; from the Middle States iron, paper, stone, silk and wood work, not to forget smaller industries; the South and West have never been manufacturing sections, yet the last few years have made a difference in such things, and the monopoly can no longer be claimed by the North and East.

Such articles as we saw from all sections, were of the highest quality of excellence. The exhibit of fire arms from the Gatling gun to the tiniest pistol, was not excelled by any country.

A humorous fancy led one exhibitor in that class to arrange a number of inlaid and mounted pistols in the form of a bed, nothing being used but the pistols themselves. The whim was even furthered by having two small warrior pistols reposing peacefully upon their martial, if not downy couch. Your correspondent, not ranking among the strong-minded, had no desire to disturb their slumbers, feeling it would be well to heed in this case the old saw to "let such) sleeping dogs lie."

New Jersey is strong in her display of (silk, in every stage, from the tiny cocoon to the richest fabric woven of the shining threads.

Individual exhibitors, from all the leading cities in the Union, occupy much space, and present a brilliant spectacle with their different specialties.

The wonderfully complicated labor-saving patent articles, for which we are so noted, are all presented to the best advantage. Nothing is left out, great or small. Nearing the northern entrances, a glimpse of

MEMORIAL HALL.

set us longing for a glimpse of the higher works of art, a peep into the realms of Fancy and Genius.

Upon entering it, our attention was arrested by the colossal head of Washington, done by the Italian sculptor Guarnierio Pietro of Milan.

Only half the figure is given. An eagle with out-spread wings is stooping beneath the hands. A military cloak drapes the shoulders. A first glance disappointed us. The features seemed coarse, the expression vague. Soon we found out our error. We were *too close.* A greater distance changed at once the effect, and brought out the real meaning. The vague look vanished. The expression resolved itself into the calm, out look of a mighty soul, satisfied with the retrospect of its finished work, and full of prophetic anticipations for the future of its country, its glory and its weal.

Many noticeable groups and single figures in marble adorn the vestibule. We can not now give the description or even mention as we should like. One statue we may not pass. It was the Medea of Story. It was not entirely free of its outer case, the workmen being busy setting it in place, but by permission we were allowed a nearer view of the front of the figure. The pose and expression were beyond description. The suppressed agony of the face haunts us yet. The time chosen is when she has resolved to kill her children. The head is slightly bowed, the chin resting on the right hand. In the left hand, which hangs at her side, is the knife.

All the mother looks out from the sorrowful yearning eyes. All the bitter thirst for vengeance of her woes, the passionate turmoil of the wronged woman's heart, line the sombre brow, and press the curled lips with their sorrowful droop together. It is a wonderful embodiment of the idea, and haunts one like a strain of woeful music.

Passing on to the room where the foeign paintings are exhibited, we saw much to admire among the Spanish paintings. The Burial of St. Lawrence, by Vera, and the Landing of Columbus, by Puebla, were among the largest.

A plaster cast of a dying Matador was very fine. The wound, the convulsed action of the muscles, the agony of the countenance, were faithfully delineated.

Among the paintings in the British exhibit, there were so many of rare merit, that to do any justice by a hasty sketch were impossible. Those so courteously lent by Her Majesty, were especially attractive, and the portraits very beautiful.

A large canvas was hung in an unfortunate position to be well seen. It is the celebrated "Prometheus Bound" and needs a strong light, which it has not.

"Morning Among the Granite Boulders," displays fine coloring and a careful study of rock tints.

Maclise's great embodiment of the "Banquet Scene in Macbeth" of itself a study from the variety of expression; the wonderful effects of light and shadow and vivid coloring.

PHOTOGRAPHIC HALL.

In Photographic Hall which lies next nearest to Memorial Hall, we could only give a passing glimpse. The very perfection of the art is shown in the specimens exhibited, but we saw nothing in Photochromy—the new art of photographing in colors. Our glance was but casual, still we enquired but could not learn that any results of its uses were shown.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Naturally our steps turned to Horticultural Hall—it being next of the prominent buildings—situated on Lansdowne avenue It has the finest approach of any of the buildings. The grounds surrounding it are artistically laid out and neatly kept. Orange and lemon trees in fruit are placed outside of the south entrance.

Within, the display of tropical foliage, plants, is very fine, more so to our thinking, than the floral exhibit. The rhododendrons are past their first beauty, and their coloring is wasted.

The mechanical organ discoursed sweet music in the building, but lacked the expression, of course, of an instrument swayed by the feelings and will of a sentient being.

The rooms on the left and right of the main entrance are given up to the exhibit of plant receptacles, and the modern inventions and improvements for flower cultivation. Wax fruit and flowers, also preserved natural flowers are exhibited there.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

From the avenue leading to the Women's Pavilion, a fine view is obtained of Agricultural Hall. Situated somewhat in a valley, it rises out from among the clustering trees, its green roof showing out with refreshing coolness on a hot, dusty day.

WOMEN'S PAVILION.

In the Women's Pavilion the impression is given that, in the articles displayed, there is more of patient industry, delicacy of finish and refined taste exhibted than any evidence of marked genius or talent. Tapestry work of all kinds adorn the walls and cases. Some of the flower painting upon screens, etc., was very excellent. One of the former was of golden silk with a lovely spray of apple blooms, and below is a cluster of the most natural Narcissus.

To do any justice to the fairy-like laces, or the elaborate embroideries would be out of our power at present.

The wood carving was neatly executed but we were sorry not to see more specimens of painting and sculpture, branches in which many of the sex have obtained an eminence.

The contributions from the Phillipine Islands were very excellent and, of their kind, unsurpassed. We noticed some fine etchings on cloth in India ink; some remarkable portraits in embroidery and many handsome altar cloths—one of which possessed added interest from the fact of its having been commenced by an old lady of sixty, who died before finishing it. The material white moire antique, and the garland of flowers in the natural colors, done in fine silk, resemble a painting.

TO MACHINERY HALL,

our willing footsteps tended. Entering, we resolved to see nothing but the great Corliss Engine upon this visit.

A noticeable pyramid of glistening ore attracted us, and being near, we asked of one of the attendants, of what metal it was composed—We were told Spiegel Iron from Westphalia, and that it contained a large proportion of Manganese.

Many things else of interest. Machinery of all kinds. Model boats, etc. were ranged about us; but our thoughts went forward, and drew our lingering feet.

A deepening of the throb of machinery; a sound as of many waters rushing, and we stood in the presence of the Wonder of the Age,

THE GREAT CORLISS ENGINE;

we shall not attempt a description; it would need pages to outline its figure rightly; nor dilate upon its mighty power and uses, for they could also not be condensed in the few words necessary in a mention such as this. The sight of it filled us with awe and wonder that was silent. It seemed an embodiment of the God-like quality of the will—utterly irresistible in its movement, yet withal a quiet, steady power. Its regular, even throb was not unpleasantly loud, not anything to compare to the din of smaller machinery. There was at once an air of stupendous power, and also of calm order. As some one fitly said, "compared with other machinery, it impressed me as Niagara does compared with a tinkling waterfall."

FIRST LOVE.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

"I cannot live without him! I shall die with a broken heart."

No you won't, my dear, not a bit of it; hearts don't break so easily; they are made of the toughest material imaginable. When you have lived as long as I have, you will

"Question much whether any pain or ache,
Or soul or body brings our end more nigh."

"Can't live without him!" Nonsense! You will find that you can live without "him," and quite comfortably too, for fifty or sixty years perhaps. When you are a blooming matron, with half a dozen "olive branches," you will laugh at the recollection of your childish folly, and thank your lucky stars that your heart didn't "bust."

"First love!" Oh, yes! I know all about it; I tried the heart-breaking operation once on account of my "first love," and I may as well tell you now that I failed most miserably; I could have broken my neck with half the trouble. Fortunately for me, my maternal ancestor understood the treatment of the disease, even in its most aggravated form; she locked up all the novels and gave me plenty of downright hard work to do, and, although my back came nearer breaking than my heart, it cured me.

In nine cases out of ten. I might say in ninety-nine out of a hundred, the first love which romance-writers make so much fuss about, is just no love at all; it is only a kind of bread-and-butter attachment between boys and girls, that rarely ripens into the devoted love of the mature man and woman. Thousands of women have lived to thank God on their bended knees that they were saved from the folly of marrying their first love.

TEMPERS.

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold such as they possess under steady, invariable control, though they are men, who, without this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self-command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but with the same amount of inflammable particles, men differ very much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people, who are all composure when we might reasonably expect and justly excuse an explosion, will break down into peevishness, or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known men, quite remarkable for a well bred serenity, be unreasonably and childishly testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects kept on the stretch, are always irritable.

Good Age for Veal.—"My brethren," said a local preacher, "when the prodigal returned, his father killed for him the fatted calf. Yes; he had been expecting him to return. I've no doubt he had kept that calf on purpose *for three years!*"

Echoes from Fairy-land.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

Now there was a young noble of the Court who was declared to be as beautiful as the sun, though how that could be it is impossible to say; for people must have been able to look at him in order to give an opinion as to his personal qualities, while nobody ever had the daring to look at the sun, or even the power, if his bravery was beyond question.

In truth, such a delightful, enchanting, and altogether smiling young courtier was this charming nobleman, that he was called Gracilis.

Better than all other facts in connection with this phenomenon, however, he was perfectly amiable and pleasant, and did not think himself a divinity.

Everybody who was not envious had a good word for him; and furthermore, he was such a Daniel of learning and good sense, that people who were double his age and more, came to him for advice.

Now Gracilis being the centre of a group of courtiers when the news spread concerning the return of the unfortunate ambassador empty-handed, he observed, quietly, "Ah! if the King had sent me to the Court made bright by the presence of the Princess Golden-Hair, I am certain that the state carriage would not have come back without a passenger."

Whereupon the jealous reptiles who heard this speech reported, immediately made a deputation, and going with long faces to their ruler, they left their joint observations to the most malevolent of the batch, and thus that cherub spoke:—

"Your Majesty,—Myself and the nobles who accompany me feel that we are bound in all loyalty to report to you the treasonable opinions held by the young Lord Gracilis touching the gross outrage which has been put upon your Majesty by the neighboring Court. He has dared to say that if he had been sent in place of the envoy whom your Majesty, in the plenitude of your wisdom, chose to send, he would not have returned with the state carriage empty!"

"Why, now," replied the monarch, "we see not treason in such a speech. On the contrary, we find loyalty to the throne! Lord Gracilis means that he would have been more adroit than our late representative, and perhaps we should have done well had we sent him."

The deputatory shook their deputatory heads.

"No, no, your Majesty, if your Majesty will allow us to contradict your highness. The conceited creature means that if your serenity had sent him to Court, the Princess could not have resisted the desire to follow him, because he is so much superior to anybody else as to be quite irresistible."

"Just so—just so," said the deputation.

"Ha! ha!" cried his sovereign highness, "is it so? Are we bearded in our Court, and does this puppet play fast and loose with our royal mortification? What! thinks he that he is more than we? By the top of my throne, this is high treason, and calls for the block—if, indeed, the sword is not too good for him. We will consider, for not one of our meanest subjects, even he who is so low as to grow corn for us, shall say we acted without royal deliberation. Stay; we bethink us, and will show mercy. Let the Lord Gracilis be shut up in our big tower, and then let him see if his prettiness and smooth tongue will feed him; for, by our royal clemency and ineffable grandeur, there he will starve till he is ugly."

Of course a king is never wrong, and if he were it does not matter, and he is sure to be obeyed until the moment when his subjects have had enough of him, and send him off by coach, or other mode, out of the kingdom.

So there was no difficulty about a dozen or so of the royal guards falling upon Gracilis, and conducting him to the tower in question with about as much civility as they would have showed to a mad dog.

The most unfortunate nobleman sat down on his straw, observing to himself that he had read somewhere that foolish was the man who put his trust in princes.

He was quite of the opinion of the writer.

Here, then, he came to be imprisoned, and wondered and pondered until he became excessively thirsty.

It was at this point of time he heard the trickle of falling water, and looking about him, he found it proceeded from a chink in the wall.

There was also a pearl shell near at hand, which made the most delightful drinking cup, for the sun falling inside the shell made the water look like liquid jewels.

"Ha!" thought the imprisoned lord; "I shall soon be hungry, and the water will not serve for food."

But he found no reminder of dinner-time within him as the day went on; and no wonder for this was magic water, and served both as drink and food.

So the day passed away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEAN PAUL said: "Play is the child's first poetry." It was a wise and poetic saying of a poet. But Froebel, the kindergartner, was not a poet but a schoolmaster and a philosopher. He went deeper, and said the supreme word about play when he called it the "first work of childhood." It is the child's chief business. Use play to serve the ends of education you may, but to do away with it is the unpardonable sin of the prevalent method of teaching.

A WELL-PRESERVED POST.—The Saturday Evening Post; it has been standing fifty-five years and is sound yet.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XXIII.

THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

After more than ten years after that summer day, when portly Colonel John Nixon stood up before one of the windows of the old Philadelphia State House and read to the multitudes assembled in Independence Square, those memorable words of the Declaration, so fraught with blessings to the American people, another great convention of statesmen was held in the same city. In 1776, men gathered together to earnestly deliberate upon the question of how freedom was to be obtained. In 1787, a body, composed in part of the same men was convened for the purpose of deciding a problem equally momentous; how the dearly bought freedom should be used that it might be handed down as a precious legacy, and not a heritage of sorrow, to generations to come. As ever at this period of our history, Philadelphia was the chosen spot for the National Council, although a preliminary meeting had been held at Annapolis, over which John Dickenson presided. Hither, bringing their deep laid schemes of policy and government, came Washington from the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon; Alexander Hamilton, whose early talents and distinguished patriotism had given a place among the leading men of the Revolution; James Madison and John Jay, his fellow-writers in the Federalist; Benjamin Franklin, then a venerable man of eighty-one, and many others, "whose deeds do follow them."

We are wont in the bustle and hurry of traffic and pleasure, to forget how classic are the associations connected with these old streets and thoroughfares of our city, trodden a hundred years ago by such men as Washington, Hancock, the Adamses, Franklin, and all the rest of that noble throng. Will the curious strangers, whom we welcome among us this summer from abroad, from all quarters of the wide-spread United States pause to remember, while smiling at some of the primitive characteristics of the "Quaker City," that from out of those narrow, down-town streets, which seem unworthy to be classed with the comlier west end, emanated some of the broadest ideas and grandest conceptions of national life that the world has ever known?

Long had the thinking men of the Republic recognized the fact that the Confederation entered into during the war, and meeting the exigiencies of the hour, had not within it the principles and centripetal force necessary to the future good government of such a nation. During that unsettled period after peace was declared, says Hamilton's able biographer, Morse, "it was the appointed task of Hamilton, Washington, and the other few honest and clear-headed men to educate the multitude in political wisdom," and like many another heaven appointed task it was no light one, for the people who had conquered their independence were slow to learn, that, having thrown off British laws, they must now yield to domestic legislation. Circumstances, however, aided the teachers—the child that will not let the bees alone must be stung; and as early as 1785 it became evident that the Confederation was inadequate to the emergencies of the time: a fact that was demonstrated, to the popular mind, by the individual and conflicting aims of some of the States, and by a very alarming uprising in Massachusetts, known as Shay's rebellion. Earnestly did Alexander Hamilton, who had long apprehended this crisis of affairs, write and speak in favor of such a consolidation of the interests and government of the States as would, alone, endure the perpetuity of one national life and growth. His writings in the *Federalist*, with those of Madison and Jay, exerted a powerful influence upon the sentiments of the public, and Guizot, in speaking of the labors of Hamilton, says: "There is not one element of order, strength, or durability in the Constitution which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce, and cause to be adopted." With that wondrous grasp of the present and insight into the future, possessed by some great minds, Hamilton read in its horoscope the sad fate that would, inevitably, befall the new Republic should the error of separate State governments, with their individual claims and interests, be permitted to creep in and overshadow the broader interests of that union, whose prosperi y should be the crowning glory of each and all the States. In vindication of this principle, he wrote and spoke, untiringly, thus expressing his views in the introduction to the *Federalist*: "After full experience of the insufficiency of the existing Federal government, you are invited to deliberate upon a new Constitution for the United States of America. The subject speaks its own importance; comprehending in its consequences, nothing less than the existence of the *Union*, the safety and welfare of the hosts of which it is composed, the fate of our empire in many respects, the most interesting in the world."

The delegates from the several States, chosen to deliberate upon the articles of Confederation, met on the second Monday in May, 1787; all being represented except Rhode Island, who never sent a delegate to this Philadelphia fire-side council, and only put in a tardy appearance, herself, in 1790, when the new government was fairly under way.

Washington, the delegate from Virginia, was chosen president of the convention, while her sister-State, Maryland, sent that Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, whose strange signature, and beautiful chirography, excite our curiosity and admiration. From little Delaware came John Dickenson, and also George Read, whose name is among that of the signers of the Declaration. Another of that illustrious list, who brought his talents to bear upon the Constitution, was Rutledge, then known as the youngest of the signers, and later, when the experience of years had been added to abilities and patriotism, was chosen Governor of his own State of South Carolina.

From New York came Alexander Hamilton, "a host in himself," and well were his powers tried in the contest which followed, for this State, with the coyness displayed on more than one important occasion, held back, persistently, from joining the Union of the States, reminding us of those coquettish ladies, who delight in entering ball-rooms and churches *late*, that they may create a greater sensation when they, finally, appear.

Pennsylvania has no reason to blush for the names of her representatives, for on this honorable list are those of Robert Morris, Benjamin Franklin and James Wilson, all signers of the Declaration, with Governor Morris and Thomas Mifflin, who, as a soldier and civilian, served his country so nobly. In 1783, in the capacity of President of Congress, Thomas Mifflin received from General Washington his resignation as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, and soon after the adoption of the Constitution for which he labored, he was chosen Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, continuing to hold that office, by re-election, for the whole constitutional term of nine years.

Need we wonder that, from the minds, the hearts, the hands of such men as these, the Constitution should have come forth such as it is? Many of its provisions were borrowed from the Magna Charter, and the more liberal portions of the English Common Law, and as it came *then* from the hands of its framers, such is the Constitution *now*, with the exception of a few amendments, necessitated by the progress of the years. Wise and prescient were these statesmen, in adopting a code of laws that has proved adequate to meet the exigencies of the rapidly developing Republic, through the first century of her young existence, and which now, that she stands full-grown, with a hundred years upon her head, is deemed meet to guide her firmer footsteps amid the lights and shadows of another century. Fitly has one of our greatest poets sung of this "Ship of State," launched with trembling hopes and fears:

> "We know what master laid thy keel,
> What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
> Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
> What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
> In what a forge and what
> Trees shaped the anchors of thy hope!"

Others, beside New York, showed their reluctance to enter this league, when the several States called together their separate conventions for the purpose of discussing the adoption or rejection of the measure. The ratification of nine States was essential to the inauguration of the new Constitution, and after eight had come in, there was a long pause of waiting for the ninth. Alexander Hamilton is represented, at this juncture, as turning anxiously from the convention assembled on the banks of the Hudson toward New Hampshire on the one hand, and Virginia on the other, eagerly, expectant of the welcome intelligence of the ratification of the Constitution by both States. Massachusetts had come in after a hard struggle, and New Hampshire followed in her footsteps June, 1788. In Virginia, the opposition was led by the eloquent and popular Patrick Henry (in all conscientiousness no doubt) and strong and almost invincible his arguments proved for a time. The Governor of the State, as if to show by his conduct that he did not consider "consistencie a jewel," formidlly declared that he had changed his mind, and was now in favor of the adoption of the Constitution, to the great dismay of Henry and the rest of the opposition. Finally, when the good news from New Hampshire was winging its way southward, Virginia, whose deportment had been somewhat similar to that of her English god-mother, changed her tactics, and yielding to the importunities of her suitors, gave a tardy consent to the national nuptials.

In New York, the Constitution was carried by the small majority of three votes; but being carried, Alexander Hamilton drew a free breath, feeling that his untiring and disinterested labors were rewarded.

The ratification of the Constitution was celebrated by public demonstrations in the different States. In Philadelphia there was a grand procession of the traders, described at length by Francis Hopkinson, and in New York there was a somewhat similar display, the banners borne through the streets on this occasion bearing the names of Washington and Hamilton, repeated many times.

"Conspicuous also was the federal frigate 'Hamilton,' fully manned, responding with frequent salutes to the applause of the gazing crowds"—well might New York and the nation at large pay homage to this man, who, setting aside all small feelings and interests, had battled so manfully for the good of the whole country!

The new Constitution now being ratified, Washington was called upon to fill the office of Chief Magistrate by the united voice of the people.

The first Wednesday in March, 1789, was appointed for the new government to go into operation, but as a quorum of both houses did not come together until April, the inauguration was deferred until the 30th day of that month. George Washington was sworn into office as President of the United States, and John Adams as Vice-President.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

Don't be discouraged if, in the outset of life things do not seem go on smoothly. It seldom happens the hopes we cherish of the future are realised. The path of life in the prospect appears smooth and level enough but when we begin to travel it we find it all up hills and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerfulness as possible and to elbow our way as easily as we can through the great crowd hoping for little yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan.

Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way and your neighbors tread over you a little; accidents happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that prospects are like the skies in April, sometimes clouded and sometimes clear and favorable; as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things she may be surely expected to smile again.

Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the last are not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be frugal, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your own intercourse.

"MY CALL WAS INTENDED FOR MR. GRAHAM."

MRS. GRAHAM'S TROUBLE.

BY J. C. P.

It was a very bright and cosy little home. The charm of freshness had not yet worn off from it, for George Graham had brought his bride into it, less than a year ago; and yet this charm of freshness was blended with the charm of permanency—of what seemed quite like antiquity. It scarcely seemed possible that it had been theirs less than a year. So thoroughly was the dwelling identified with the dwellers; so completely was it the embodiment of their tastes and the setting of their lives that it seemed to have grown up with them, and to have been a part of them always.

Everything about it had been fitted into its place, not because the upholsterer had recommended it, but because George and Maty wanted it; because it answered to their taste and met some pretty necessity of their happy lives.

So, while it always had that bright freshness, it never had the garnish "newness" of newly occupied houses; and while it was new, it yet had that pleasant seeming of having existed as long as the shapely trees in front of it.

And it was a happy home; what home, having love for its light and harmony for its atmosphere, would not be happy? And probably a more entirely loving and absolutely harmonious young husband and young wife never joined lots than George and Mary Graham.

But the brighter the blue of the summer sky, the darker appears the storm cloud that comes over it; and for about a month now the cloud had been darkening, little by little, this brightest of home skies.

George did not see the cloud, and only knew vaguely that something interfered with a little of the light that was shed upon him. But Mary saw it, and looking at it so constantly, saw it grow larger and become darker and darker, until she shivered in its almost constant shadow.

It is the greatest of pities that perfect love does not always mean perfect trust. Perhaps it is that love is an inspiration and trust a growth. At all events, while Mary Graham loved her husband with a completeness and fervor not to be surpassed, she did not altogether trust him. She believed she did until she was tried, and then she found the slightest test too severe for the trust that seemed so substantial.

To be sure she thought the test a very complete one, and she never paused to consider that her suspicion had not forced itself upon her, and overwhelmed her in spite of herself.

One evening, when the cloud had been about a month gathering, she said her first word about it.

"George, you surely are not going out to-night? Please stay with me to-night. I have so many things to chat to you about, and that long letter from brother Sam to read to you."

She spoke with a lightness a little too evidently assumed, and the smile in her eyes had tears under it. George heard only the light music of the voice, and only saw the smile, however, and answered, regretfully, but without any great gravity:

"Must go to-night, Mollie. I'm dreadfully sorry to miss the 'chat,' and sorrier yet to miss you; but this is something that *must* be attended to, and I have to attend to it."

"But George," the tears had quite quenched the smile now, and there was no pretence of lightness in the tone, "it is not only to-night, but almost every evening for weeks past. Won't you tell me what it is? You know your business never calls you out in the evening, so this must be something besides business that takes my husband away from me. Tell me what it is, George?"

"Why, Mollie, dear, what a serious thing you're making of it! It's no such tragical mystery as you are making it out. I believe my life you are worried about it."

"I *am* worried about it, and shall be until you tell what it is."

"Some other time, dear, I will tell what it is, but not now. It's better for you not to know it now. Trust me, wifey, and now kiss me good-bye, for I must be off. Don't worry any more."

And with these judicious parting remarks George went out. "Some other time," "It's better for you not to know," "Trust me," and "Don't worry." Could any man who had deliberately determined to make his wife's life a burden to her, have hit upon a set of phrases better calculated to do the work than these? And then, too, the husband who moves in a mysterious way, and only explains to his wife by saying "Trust me," has really no right to complain if his wife does *not* quite trust him. Truthfulness is the wife's duty, of course, but so is trustworthiness that cannot be questioned the duty of the husband.

Mary shed bitter tears and brooded heavy thoughts after George went away. Her trouble was becoming too great for endurance. Nearly every evening her husband went out from her in this unexplained way; every time his going was preluded by a careful toilet, so it was evident that no ordinary business affairs took him away. She did not believe there was any "lodge" in the case, for nobody ever heard of a lodge that met every night. She knew that he did not go out to spend the evening in drinking, and she knew that he did not go out to gamble. She trusted him implicitly that far, at least. Theatre, opera, concert? George had many a time refused to go to such entertainments without her, and had said, time and again, that he never cared to go alone.

Alone! Ah, that was the key-note of the trouble, and it sounded so constantly for her that now she could scarcely hear any other sound. There was other company in the world beside Mary Graham. But then George was still so loving, kind and tender to her. Could he be all that and love another woman at the same time?

But, again—and this was the blackest edge of the cloud—twice she had seen dainty envelopes, directed in the same delicate lady's hand, sticking out of his waistcoat pocket, and each time George had gone out early in the evening and had stayed later than usual.

It really was a hard case, and poor Molly Graham cried dreadfully over it, and then thought dreadfully over it after she had stopped crying.

The next day George was just the same kind, loving husband as ever, and it seemed, while he was there, as if trouble was only a shadow.

He came home early from the office, and was as bright and jolly as if his wife had never shed a tear for him.

"Mollie," he said, after a little while, "you don't go out any more. Suppose you run down to sister Kate's this afternoon, and stay through the evening."

"Will you come, too?"

"I can't come to spend the evening, but I'll come and bring you home, say at ten o'clock. You'll have half the afternoon and all the evening to chat, and if you two women can't exhaust the fund of gossip in that time, why there's no use in being two women."

"Are you going out again, George?" The trouble had come back to her voice and to her eyes.

"No, dear, I'm going to stay at home this evening." He said it a little awkwardly, but she did not notice that, nor that his proposition to her had been a little abrupt and constrained.

"Why of course I won't go then!" she exclaimed quite happily. "I'll just stay to spend the evening with you, you dear boy!"

"But I—I am expecting a visitor. A gentleman is coming to talk business with me, and I thought it would be pleasanter for you not to be here."

"I'll not be in the way," she answered, and there was nothing in the least gleeful in the way she spoke now.

Tea was served in their neat, bright little sitting room, but it might as well have been served to them in the poor house for all the enjoyment either of them experienced. For the first time in their married life, it was a relief for them to get away from the table.

They had left the table and were standing together, but silent, in front of the grate, when the door was opened, and a lady was shown into the room.

She was an extraordinary visitor in two respects. In the first place her pretty face and brilliant black eyes, together with a certain odd air of mingled shyness and self-possession, would have made her noticeable anywhere; and in the second place, she wore neither hat nor cloak, but came into the room as if she were an expected guest, and as if she had come to stay.

Mary shot one glance at her and one at her husband, and both glances were full of things unutterable. George, on his part, looked only somewhat surprised; but poor Mary saw so many things in that first minute. All these evenings out, the attempt to get her away for the evening; the expected visitor to "talk business;" oh, George! Was this the explanation of it all?

The stranger had stopped with one hand resting lightly on the edge of the table, and Mary took a step towards her.

"Pardon me," she said, in a dry voice, "did you wish to see me?"

"I certainly did not call to see Mrs. Graham," responded the visitor. "My call was intended for Mr. Graham."

Worse and worse! George stepped forward while his wife put her hand behind her, under the blind impulse of self-defense, to hold him back.

"I am Mr. Graham," he said. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"Your note appointing this interview—" she began.

"My note?" exclaimed George.

"His note!" groaned Mary.

"In answer to mine yesterday," said the lady, apparently a little surprised.

"Oh!" said Mary, in a smothered kind of way.

"My dear madam," said George, "I certainly never wrote you a note, and just as certainly never received one from you."

"This is very strange," said the black-eyed lady. "Are you Mr. Graham?"

"I most certainly am."

"Mr. G. Graham, the Manager?"

"I most certainly am not, Mr. Granville Graham, the manager, lives next door."

"Then I beg your pardon for this intrusion. I have been recommended to Mr. Graham—the other Mr. Graham—to act in a new piece, and I was to call this evening for a private test rehearsal." And she bowed herself out, escorted to the door quite cordially by Mary.

Before husband and wife could exchange any words, and there was so many to be exchanged after that, the bell rang, and a minute afterwards Mary's brother, the "brother Sam" who wrote the letter with which she had tried to persuade George, bounced into the room, followed by his wife, both looking exuberantly happy.

"It's all right, George!" shouted

Sam, "*Everything's* all right. That fellow's confessed, and I can hold my head up anywhere. Kiss me, Mollie! Hug me!"

"Why, what in the world! what's all right? and where do you come from? who's confessed? and what has he confessed? and I'm awfully glad to see you both," said Mary in a breathless way.

"You came very near seeing me on the wrong side of a grating, sis," said Sam with a little choke in his voice. "You see I was arrested for forgery, and George here, bless his heart! Did you know you had the best husband in the world, Mollie? always excepting my wife's husband."

"Yes I did, and do," said Mary, putting her hand on George's shoulder, and from that moment there was peace between them.

"Yes," said Sam, "George went my bail, and has been working day and night for the past month, helping me get up evidence."

"And," said Mrs. Sam, "I have written him two or three notes about things that he must know right away. There, I confess, now don't you be jealous, because Sam isn't."

Oh! those notes. What had become of all that big, black cloud?

"I was coming here alone to-night, to have a general talk with George, and he was to get you away before I came, because he said from the first that this trouble must be kept from you up to the latest possible minute. However, that rascally cashier has been arrested for embezzlement, and has incidentally confessed this forgery, so it don't make any difference now."

Mary's hand rested still more tenderly on her husband's shoulder, and she gave him such a look.

"Mollie," laughed George, "I think I might listen to brother Sam's letter now."

"Some other time," she quoted. "It's better for you not to know it now. Trust me, bubby, don't worry any more and kiss me now."

Another cloud has never risen over that home to this day, and a memory is all that is left of Mrs. Graham's trouble.

SHIP BUILDING IN AMERICA.

Progress of One Hundred Years.

It has been estimated that at the beginning of the Revolutionary year 800,000 tons of colonial-built shipping were employed in the general commerce of Great Britain, or nearly one-third, and, if the West India trade were included, about two-thirds of the whole. Massachusetts was then estimated to own one vessel for every 100 inhabitants. She built many on contract and for sale, as did Pennsylvania to the amount of 6,000 tons annually. Ship-building, as we all know, was ruined by the Revolutionary war, but how wonderfully has it since been revived, the late war with the South to the contrary notwithstanding.

The statistics pertaining to this branch of American industry, as given at the close of 100 years since the Declaration of Independence, afford interesting reading. The first impetus given to ship-building at the close of the Revolutionary war was in 1790, when a system of protection which imposed tonnage duties on all vessels of the United States entering from foreign ports, on vessels built in the United States but partly owned abroad, and the exclusion of foreign vessels from the coasting trade was enforced, to the great alarm of England and her merchants. From this time the industry experienced unparalled prosperity. It was in 1790 that the General Government adopted a system of registration and enrolment or license, the returns of which are annually transmitted from each district to the Treasury Department. In 1789 the registered tonnage of the Union was 128,893 tons; in 1790, 346,254 tons. Including enrolled and licensed the total tonnage was in 1789 201,562 tons, and in 1790, 478,377 tons. The registered tonnage (consisting of American built vessels only) had increased in the year 1800 to 667,921 tons.

The growth of the shipping of the Union since 1800 has been coincident with the growth of the country. In 1801 the number of tons added rose to 1,033,279, but in the two following years there was a slight decline. In 1804 the industry recovered itself, amounting to 1,042,404 tons, and from this time onward it increased gradually from year to year.

In 1813, during the second difficulty with Great Britain, 1,666,628 tons were built. The highest point reached from 1791 to 1834 was in the last-mentioned year, when the number of tons was 1,758,907. During 1837—one of the "hard times" years—the number of tons was 1,396,685, and in 1839 over 2,000,000 tons were constructed, and this proportion was maintained for a decade, the last of which showed that 3,150,508 tons had been constructed.

Coming down to the last year of the Centennial, we are almost dazed at the figures which the official statistician of the country gives us, and which serve as a glorious and gratifying climax to the progress of our ship-building industry. Adding the number of tons of new vessels constructed in 1875 to those reported built in 1874, the *exclusively* sea-going American tonnage is about as follows: 7,450 sailing vessels, of 2,512,876 tons; 595 steamers, 707,575 tons. Total, 8,185 vessels, of 3,220,451 tons. If the lake and river tonnage were added these figures would be nearly doubled. The aggregate number of American vessels, including steamers, at present on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, on the western rivers and northern lakes, is estimated at 31,923, representing nearly five millions of tons. New York State is credited with the most tons of shipping—1,148,000—Maine next and Massachusetts next, followed by Pennsylvania. The State of Maine, now as in the early days of the Republic, leads in the construction of ships. In 1874 she built 122,585 tons and in 1875 over 75,000 tons. In view of the ravages of the war of 1861 and the fact that the losses of the shipping of the country have for some years exceeded the construction, it must be admitted that American shipping has a wonderful recuperative power, and does honor to that early period of its history when the American colonies within a very short period, amidst all the privations incident to new settlements, constructed a fleet of coasting and ocean-traversing vessels, that of Massachusetts alone in fifteen years considerably exceeding the entire tonnage of the port of Liverpool in England.

PICKING AND STEALING.

Now, Jane was under that old mulberry tree,
So watched and guarded near the summer house;
I caught her pilfering from the lower boughs—
"Dear Heaven! what purple lips! they'll surely be
To in-door folks no doubtful history."
Now to this 'scrape she stood with knitted brows,
In pretty strife betwixt the ifs and buts—
No spring was near—and, turning full on me,
She said, "Sweet cousin, thy advice I pray."
"It is," quoth I (one arm her waist enfolding,
And with the other hand her small waists holding),
"It is to kiss those tell-tale stains away."
But, ah! as kisses oft will do, this made
The matter worse, and both of us betrayed.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

ELMIR DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION OF MARTINI.

Notwithstanding Elmir's loss of blood, and his thus weakened strength, his gripe was a powerful one. He clutched the fiend more firmly as he in vain struggled to free himself, and scarcely knowing what he did, or why he thus comported himself—as the enormity of the deception and trickery practised upon him appeared more apparent to him, at every moment—he again demanded: "Speak, monsieur, and explain this diabolical mystery!"

"What—*what* mystery, Elmir? Come, don't choke me, old friend, thus. Are you mad?"

"Tell me, monsieur, are you not Martini, the notary?"

"Yes, yes—"

"And I knew it—knew it, from *that handwriting!*" said Elmir, pointing to the document which had first alarmed him, and which had so shocked him, when he suddenly thought, upon reading it, that it was the notary's hand—and that he was, by some inexplicable means, about to be his victim!

"I knew that handwriting, monsieur; and when I turned and looked at your disguise, I could not sustain my breath. Tell me, in God's name, what does this strange conduct mean?" said Elmir, as he released his gripe at the throat of the scoundrel, but continued still to hold him stoutly by the arm.

"There now, Elmir, my boy—Fonblanc—" stammered the rascal, endeavoring to collect his scattered thoughts, and entirely non-plussed at this most unfortunate discovery, "I—I—have no explana—that is, it is very simple—a simple affair, of mine—a mere fancy, all for *your* good—your own advantage, Elmir; and I think you shouldn't be so fast. I always told you that you were too fast, you know, Elmir—and you must be calm and civil, if you please; and I will explain. Sit down, now—"

"No, monsieur!" responded Fonblanc, fiercely and determinately. "You must satisfy me that you did not intend me harm; or, so help me, God! I will hand you over to the police of Havre!"

The wily scoundrel smiled—actually grinned, at this remark, while Elmir held him at arm's length, and thus threatened him.

"Pooh, pooh!" he said, more calmly. "Come, you're a fool, Elmir! I haven't harmed you. I've done nothing—you are too easily frightened. Come, let us understand each other. I've a right to my incognito, so have you, if you choose to adopt a disguise. You couldn't harm—that is, you can't harm me, thus. So be quiet, and hear me. This is very silly, to be sure."

While this conversation was passing, the knave was struggling to disengage himself, most vigorously; and his eye was frequently turned towards his desk; where the little box still stood—his small traveling case—from which he had hastily taken his lancet, a few moments before, and which interested him very deeply. But Elmir would not release him—and finally observing his anxiety, he turned his own eye towards the desk, suspiciously.

The lid of the case was open, and Elmir observed a packet of letters tied up there. While he still held the villain at bay, he moved toward the box, raised the parcel—notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Martini to free himself from his grasp—and raising the package he found a part of them addressed to Madame Marie Denoir—and others to Mademoiselle Flora Delmont!

How came those letters there? thought Elmir, instantly. What was the correspondence of Madame and Flora doing in Martini's possession? It at once occured to him that here was more foul play!

"What are these, monsieur?" he asked, imperatively.

"No—no—nothing. Release me! Elmir—don't you—touch—touch my property. You're a robber, a robber, mind! if you do. I'll call the guard—I'll put you in prison—you *shan't*. Ho'd! I say, and release me!" shrieked the late cripple; and with a violent wrench, he disengaged himself from Elmir's clutch, and sprang wildly, madly forward, to close the box.

By this time, however, Elmir had become thoroughly suspicious, and he determined in his own mind that he would know the worst of this business. He rushed to the desk, therefore, at the same moment that Martini escaped, and before the rascal could prevent it, he possessed himself of the bundle of letters.

The fury and rage of the notary was now unbounded! He saw that his crime would thus be discovered; he saw that the great scheme of his life would be frustrated; he saw that if he did not recover those papers—all was lost! and he sprang upon Elmir with the fury of a tiger.

"Give them back!" he shouted; "robber, ingrate, thief! Give me back my property. What, ho! Guard, guard! Help, help, help!" he continued screaming, at the top of his lungs.

His cries quickly brought relief. The police of that *arronditement* were always awake! And a moment afterwards, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

"Open, open—in the name of the king!" said a rough voice, without. And following this demand (as the door was locked on the inside), a loud crash was heard—and immediately afterwards two policemen rushed in.

All this was the work of but a moment; and Martini, aware of the consequence of *his* movements and appearance, under the circumstances, at once resumed his disguise! When the two officers entered, therefore, they found a poor cripple there, who squeaked out his complaint, in miserable accents, and who informed the officials, apparently as well as he was able to do after the abuse that he experienced, that he was a victim—that the young man was unknown to him—that he came slily in at his door, and while he was in the act of opening his little box, he pounced upon him, seized a package of supposed value, and would have undoubtedly murdered him, but for their providential interference!

This looked probable enough, and Elmir was instantly seized upon by the two guardsmen, and quickly manacled. No explanation was necessary, none would be entertained; and Elmir was quickly borne out of the apartment, and thence to the nearest station-house—in spite of his declaration that the complainant was an imposter and a villain. The doors closed again, Monsieur *Lemoine*, (as he was known, in Havre), engaged to appear against the culprit in the morning, and Elmir Fonblanc was that night the inmate of a prison-room, despite his protestations of innocence, and his repeated assertions that he was Martini's victim.

"I always said, remarked the knave, quietly, as the prisoner departed in custody of the guard, "I always said that boy was too fast; we shall see!" The officers had taken possession of the parcel of letters which the attorney (as he was called) charged him with endeavoring to purloin, to be used in the case, when Elmir was to be examined. Martini did not reflect upon the consequences which would follow *this* movement. He concluded that as the youth had no friends, was unknown, and had been caught seemingly in the very act, it would be no difficult matter for Lemoine, the attorney of the Rue de la Platte, to convict him of attempted robbery. A residence for a while in La Force, or the Bastile, Martini thought would correct the notions of the boy, perhaps, in regard to some matters which he desired to have done in his own way!

Elmir did not offer any resistance. He saw that he was in a dilemma, unfortunately, and now entirely at the mercy of Martini—who, if he were bad enough to steal those letters (of which fact Fonblanc entertained not the slightest doubt), if he were wicked enough to disguise himself, and steal, and cheat and lie as he had seen him do—he was bad enough to commit any act for the furtherance of his objects—whatever they might be.

Elmir had, as yet, no possible idea *why* all these things had occurred; nor could he by any means divine the cause of Martini's treatment and dissembling. But he was a prisoner—his assertions were of no avail—his testimony could not be received, in his own favor—and he was confined for the night, to undergo an examination before the commissary next day.

In the meantime, Martini prepared his complaint, fully, and was otherwise busy, as we shall very soon discover!

CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAME AND FLORA AT TOULON.

Madame Denoir returned to Toulon—as we have already stated—disappointed, chagrined at her ill success, and with deep regret that she had been unable to find her young friend. Months had now passed away since she last saw Martini, too, and she queried what could be the cause of his long continued silence. He had threatened her at their last interview, and he had awaited upon her, at her own residence, "for the last time!" But she awaited, patiently, the opening of the next scene in the drama of her life.

Flora Delmont was advancing to womanhood. In this fair being were impersonated all the graces and the virtues which adorn and render the sex worthy of being beloved. She knew little of madame's troubles, for the latter had considerately kept her ignorant either of their cause, or the effect they produced upon her, in any way. They continued to live on, at their ease, amid splendor and affluence—and the only drawback to the happiness of either, was the uncertainty which attended the fate of Elmir Fonblanc, whom they were both—from very different motives—so desirous once more too meet. In the interim, the boy had passed through misery of which they had no conception, and he now lay in prison, at Havre, awaiting his trial for assault and attempted robbery!

As soon as the disguised Martini—who was now utterly reckless of consequences—had had leisure to reflect a little upon the course he ought to adopt, under present circumstances, he fully prepared himself to proceed against Elmir, and determined to preserve his incognita, at Havre, for the purpose of convicting him. This would give him time to mature his original scheme, if it were possible to complete it, at all—and he resolved to be known only as Lemoine, the attorney.

Resuming his dress and crutch, and affected decrepitude, therefore, he sallied forth, and appeared against the youth, before the primary court; as may be supposed, the prisoner not being allowed to speak in his own defence, and having no witnesses to sustain his explanations, even could he have made them, he was very quickly disposed of, upon the evidence of his accuser—who charged him with having broken into his office, and committed an assault upon him with the implied intent of robbery or murder, or both! Elmir was sent to prison, for the time being, and the following account of the affair appeared in the journals, next day:

"A BOLD FEAT.—One Elmir Fonblanc, a citizen of Paris, formerly, and just now a returned sailor at this port, broke into the office of M. Lemoine, attorney, 54 Rue de la Platte, night before last, and while monsieur was in the act of arranging some papers and letters in a little traveling case he uses, the burglar sprang upon him, undoubtedly in the hope of obtaining money or valuables, and a sharp rencontre succeeded. Monsieur called the guard, the thief was secured, and monsieur appeared at the office of the commissaire, yesterday, to identify and prosecute him. The prisoner looked like anything but a malicious or evil-disposed person—but the proof is clear against him, and he has been sent into confinement to await his trial. The penalty for this class of offence is severe; and, for the sake of the youth himself, who really appeared to very good advantage, notwithstanding the serious charge against him, we trust that it may not turn out so bad an affair as it at first would seem. He attempted to tell a story about some deception and imposition that had been practiced upon him by monsieur le attorney, but the court took no heed of his assertions, of course. He is a fair-faced youth, of some one-and-twenty years, and avers that he has no friends or relatives in this vicinity, to aid him in his emergency. He will unquestionably go to the galleys, if the charge against him is finally substantiated."

Madame Denoir and Flora Delmont were sitting together, on the third day after this announcement was made, and the mail having brought down to madame her customary supply of papers, she first saw this account of Elmir's arrival, and read the details of his trouble. She was astounded at the paragraph, and yet all her sympathies were with the accused.

She dissected the account, line by line, and word by word—until, at length, she was convinced that the hand of Andreas Martini was in this business, as it had been in other affairs where she had been interested for the past few months. Martini had evidently induced Lemoine to pursue the boy; and, as yet, she was unadvised of the identity of the scoundrel attorney at Havre, who had so successfully deceived *her*, originally, and with whom she had had her business interview, at that place, some time before! But the resolution of Madame Denoir was quickly taken.

"Flora," she said, peremptorily, "is not this cruel, outrageously cruel—this abuse and persecution?"

"O, my dear madame," responded Flora, sympathizingly, "what will not *you* do—what ought we not to do—instanter for Elmir's relief?"

"This is his reception, then," continued madame, sorrowfully, "after his long absence from his native land, after the troubles and misery and toil he has suffered, through the agency and prompting of the infamous Martini—this is his reward, on reaching home again—a dungeon!"

"Infamous, madame?" asked Flora, curiously. "Did you not say 'infamous Martini?'"

"Yes—Flora, I did," replied Madame Denoir. And then, for the first time, she unbosomed herself freely to her beautiful ward. She informed her of all that had transpired, and let her fully into the secret of her anticipated future troubles with Martini, the notary.

Flora was greatly astonished, and deeply moved at this recital. But other considerations, of present emergency, forced themselves upon her mind, even amid her rising sympathy for her much loved friend.

"What shall be done for Elmir, madame?" she asked, earnestly, again.

"I will go to Paris, to-morrow Flora."

"You will allow me to join you?"

"Yes—yes—Flora. We will go together. I will see monsieur, the notary. *He* shall proceed to Havre, and protect our friend. It is his act, he alone caused Elmir to quit France; he alone is accountable for his course of life. If the boy has been driven, from necessity perhaps, to this overt act—Martini is accountable for it. He would now rob him, and I will now fly to his aid, at once!"

There was deep meaning in this; and madame lost no time in preparing for her departure. On the following morning, at daybreak, the diligence stood before the door of the lady's dwelling—and at sunrise, herself and Flora were on the way to Paris.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "GUARDIAN" OF ELMIR FONBLANC.

Foiled in his bold but ill-advised attempt to secure an influence over Elmir, by means of the offer made the youth of Flora's hand in marriage—the notary now turned to other resources to carry out his object. He had never yet promulgated his authority *as guardian*, at least to Elmir, for he had got along without this; and the young man had no idea of the relation in which Martini actually stood towards him. The time had *now* arrived, when he was to be enlightened.

He had been in prison two days, when for the first time since his incarceration, his attendant spoke, and informed him that a friend was in waiting below, to confer with him; a proposition he very quickly and gladly entertained. Who it might be, he had no idea; but his doubts and speculations were very soon dispelled, as the door opened, and closed again, behind the form of Martini, the notary, from Paris!

As if nothing at all had transpired, monsieur advanced, and stretched forth his hand to the prisoner—calm, friendly, stoical, cool, as was his usual wont! There was the same cold gray eye, the same well made form, the identical dress of Martini—such as he had met him in, before—and no shade of emotion of guilt, on *his* part, evinced itself to the astounded gaze of Elmir Fonblanc!

Elmir began to think he had dreamed some horrible dream—that he had committed some singularly fearful error—that he was the victim of some terrible illusion, or other—or that his brain had been turned; and he was at a loss for words, for a time.

"I hope you are very well, Elmir," said the knave, slowly and kindly.

It was the voice that Elmir had heard a hundred times before—the same form stood before him—the same face now confronted him! There was no decrepitude, no goggles, no stooping, no crutch, no squeaking tone of speech—no *Lemoine* there; it was Martini, the notary; and Elmir could not fathom this.

"I hope you are well, Elmir," repeated the villain; "and I am sorry to hear that you are in trouble, and grieved to find you *here!*"

"Am I not Elmir Fonblanc, monsieur?" asked the prisoner, almost mad with his emotions.

"I think you are; but I shame to meet you in *this* place."

"Are you not Martini, the notary?"

"Yes, yes—"

"And Lemoine, the attorney?"

"What!" exclaimed the scoundrel, "what did you say, Elmir?"

"You are Lemoine, I say! You are the knave who stole the letters, who induced me to fly from France, who falsely accused me of attempting your life—"

"—'sh! Elmir; you must not get excited here."

"Villain, monster, tell me why am I thus pursued and persecuted?"

"You must be calm and respectful, Elmir, or my visit hither must quickly terminate. I come to you from your friends, Madame Denoir and Flora—"

"Liar! Monstrous liar that you are!" shouted Elmir, unable to control his feelings, longer; "you can have no claim, no mission from purity, and virtue, and innocence. You have deceived *them*, you have duped *me*! Your cursed crime is being exposed! The letters found in your possession will prove my innocence, and convict you of theft, of malfeasance, and of trespass. I have sent to Paris—to Toulon—for Madame Denoir! You have lied and imposed upon me, and *your* turn will soon come, be sure of it!"

"Elmir—are you mad?"

"Yes, monsieur! Mad—distressed beyond endurance—well nigh crushed into the earth—destroyed—through your infernal machinations and trickery! And for what! Tell us, monsieur, if you can, for what am I thus crippled and maltreated?"

"I do not comprehend you, Elmir, responded Martini, rising from the bench upon which he had been seated. "You seem determined to go to destruction, and all my earnest efforts to aid and save you, I see, are of no avail."

"You, and you alone, have brought me to this degradation, monsieur; but my revenge is certain, in the future."

"You may even now escape, unharmed, Elmir—through my influence. Lemoine, the attorney, is my friend—I know him well," continued the wretch, in a lower tone; "and I will influence him not to appear against you, if you will quit France immediately on your liberation from prison."

"Leave me—monsieur!" cried Elmir, starting up wildly, and menacing his visitor with personal violence; "leave me, ere I dash out your brains!"

"Elmir—Elmir! What—"

"Leave me, I insist! I accept nothing at your hands, I desire to have nothing more to do with so miserable and vile a wretch. Do your worst—but quit this cell; and quickly, if you desire to do so alive!"

Martini did not hesitate longer. He was passed out by the turnkey, and with a brief remark that the prisoner was evidently insane, and dangerous, he departed. His first movement, subsequently, was to prevent Madame Denoir from meeting Elmir.

He learned that the young man had employed a messenger (with what means he happened to be possessed of) to proceed to Paris; and, failing to find madame there, to go on to Toulon, and inform her of his peril and distress—in the hope that she would send him aid; and, at least, if able, that she would appear to claim her letters. He had had an opportunity to see them—since his arrest—upon his own representations, finally; and he saw that they must have been intercepted—from their contents—which he had examined. Martini saw how matters had turned, and he knew the importance of preventing madame's arrival at Havre, if possible; for he had, from the first, represented himself as her Parisian agent.

The messenger reached Paris—proceeded to Toulon—but missed madame in both places; she having left the latter place for the north, on the day prior to his arrival. His trip was of no avail, therefore, except to dispose of every franc that poor Elmir Fonblanc possessed—and he returned to his starting place, without having seen or communicated with madame, in any way!

Nevertheless, the early friend of Elmir, in company with Flora, pushed forward to the capital; and having taken temporary lodgings, despatched her servant to seek monsieur, the notary—with whom she now desired an immediate interview. Martini was in Paris, fortunately, having returned on that day for Havre, and he was not surprised at this call, for he now supposed that the messenger of Elmir had communicated with the lady, and this was the consequence of information she had received.

Martini scarcely knew what course, exactly, to adopt, under the circumstances. If he did not respond to the invitation, suspicion of his double-dealing might be strengthened; if he did, he would have the opportunity to push his favorite scheme, with madame, once more; and, on the whole, he deemed it a fortunate time to do so, and to bring the matter to a final issue, in some way. He therefore determined to wait upon madame, without further delay.

The public allusion to certain letters found in Martini's private travelling case, was not lost sight of by madame; who directly suspected that they belonged to her and to Flora, and were without doubt their intercepted correspondence. She therefore had a long account to adjust with monsieur; and, much as she dreaded the meeting, she resolved upon a full exposition with the knave who had so annoyed her, and who was now, in a degree, in *her* power, she believed.

Martini entertained no fears, however, provided he could detain madame from seeing the prisoner. The trial would soon come off, and the boy would be placed out of reach of aid, within a week, unless he effected the consummation of his original plan! Such was his determination at any rate, when he started forth from his office, to wait upon Madame Denoir.

In our succeeding chapters, we shall give the result of this important interview, and unravel the chain of mystery which envelopes our plot. The scene which followed—between madame and the notary—will explain much that has thus far appeared intricate and extraordinary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.—A Brooklyn colored preacher gave the following illustration in the hearing of the writer: "When Adam was in de garden ob Eden, and had everything heart and soul could wish, he raised de fist of wickedness to smite at de Lord. Now, I would go far to say dat de Lord was any sparrer," (here the speaker assumed the attitude of self-defence), "but when Adam raised his fist, de Lord turned aside de blow," (here the brother showed how it was done), "so dat Adam hit hisself and knocked him out ob all his pribileges!"

BOTH the mind and body are so constituted that they require constant but varied action. Utter idleness, of either body or mind, unless they be in a more or less diseased state, is not only unnecessary, but harmful in the extreme. It is a habit which, once indulged in, will grow upon the individual. Change of occupation for the muscles, change of the current of thought for the brain, is what will promote the fullest and most healthful development of both.

THE GAME OF "LA CROSSE."

Arrangements for a grand "La Crosse" tournament between a club of twelve picked players from the Iroquois Indians and rival clubs of like number, composed of Canadian gentlemen, are in contemplation by several prominent Canadian visitors and exhibitors. A thorough inspection recently by a party of amateurs from Canada demonstrated that sufficient space for this purpose could not be had within the Centennial enclosure, about one acre of flat turf being required. The tournament will, therefore, take place in the Park, within convenient distance of the Exhibition Grounds. The Indian Club which will probably be invited to participate, if the affair can be arranged, is now in England, where, in addition to the games already played, they have received over sixty invitations to visit parts of Great Britain, including urgent requests to play before the Prince of Wales and the Royal family. The game of "La Crosse" is of Indian origin, and the first record of it dates back to the French and English wars. When Fort Detroit was captured by the Oneida Indians, the name of La Crosse was used as a blind to gain admittance to the gates—while two clubs of young Indians were playing outside of the fort, hundreds of warriors were creeping stealthfully up and remaining concealed in the woods until the ball was thrown over the wall. The juvenile red men asked and were granted permission to go in and recover their playthings, but hardly were the gates opened before the fort swarmed with the enemy, and the result of this strategy is historical. In Canada the game is one of the most favorite athletic exercises, and as it is still played by the Indians, who are determined not to be beaten by the white men, the contests of the red and white players are, of course, always exciting. The principle of the game is not unlike that of the old Irish game of "Hurley," though the ball is kept in the air and is caught upon and thrown by an implement somewhat resembling a huge battledoor. It gives such an opportunity for developing the muscles of all parts of the body, and is such a picturesque as well as exciting game, that is not strange it has become a national pastime wherever introduced. Its only drawback is that it lacks the element of danger, which seems just now so essential for fashionable amusements.

AGRICULTURAL.

HAVE you set out your Centennial tree?

THE Florida orange crop for the present season is 25,000,000, the estimated worth being $375,000.

THE Western fruit crop promises to be the largest ever produced, and wheat never before made so good a show.

THE price of wool is so low in California that many sheep raisers have commenced killing their stock for the skins and tallow.

THE *Northwestern Farmer* says we pay great prices for green carpets, curtains, and furniture, put green blinds on our windows, but neglect the evergreen trees which cost so little.

ONE year-old vines and small trees are the most profitable to plant. Old vineyards and old orchards need renewing. They exhaust the soil around them and finally fail. Plant your orchards every twenty-five or thirty years.

Do not believe the stories some tell, to wit, that the eye of the potato is all that is necessary to plant to get a good yield. The potato itself as it turns to decay affords nourishment to the sprout, and will render its growth more vigorous.

SICK FOWLS.—When fowls appear out of order and lose appetite, a change of food is often sufficient to restore them. The food should be mixed with a little linseed meal, and a small quantity of pepper and a small piece of copperas dissolved in their drinking water would be useful. Fowls suffer more from want of clean water, and from badly ventilated and unclean roosting-places than from any other cause.

PLANT cucumber seeds in small squares of sods cut from the roadside or pasture about an inch and a half thick and the same size square. Place in a box in a warm, sunny window, and when the third leaf appears, put them out, three in a hill. In this way you may have cucumbers two weeks sooner than if you waited until the weather and soil became warm enough to plant directly in the garden.

You give a hungry sow a pint of meal—in the bottom of a stable pail, and she'll stick her nose into the pail and lick and lick till she has scoured the inside clean. But a boarin so fed will fill his mouth at once, and then if he is very hungry or especially well pleased with the meal, he'll begin to swing his head around right and left, sowing the meal like an old idiot—especially if you stop and look at him. Go right away if you want to save your grain.

MANY grape vines so overbear that the fruit cannot ripen perfectly, and in some cases varieties that naturally ripen well every season will fail to ripen at all, owing to the roots not being able to sustain the immense crop of fruit upon the vines. In cases where grapes fail to ripen from this cause, the bunches should be thinned out with a pair of scissors when the berries are small, as soon as they are well formed; and cut away the smallest clusters, and those that show a straggling propensity in the fruit. By so doing a crop of splendid fruit may be produced where it would have been worthless without being thinned out.

SMALL FRUITS IN GARDENS.—But few people seem to know the value of small fruits to a family when grown in their own gardens. You commence with strawberries; they continue about a month. You pick, perhaps, from six to twelve quarts a day. You have them on your table as a dessert, if you please, at noon, and your tea-table is loaded with them at evening, and you want little else but your bread and butter. Your family consume in one way or another about eight quarts a day, and while they last no medicines for bodily ailments are required, as a quart of strawberries daily will generally dispel all ordinary diseases not settled permanently in the system. After strawberries, raspberries come to continue about three weeks; then we have blackberries where the climate is not too cold for the cultivated varieties; then the currants ripen, which remain till the early grapes mature; and taking the season through any family with a half acre of land in a garden can grow small fruits that make country life delightful, and at the same time hundreds of dollars can be saved in the supply of the table.

THE proper method of renovating old fruit trees is to first apply stimulating manure to the soil, then, instead of "pruning up," commence at the top and "head down," shorten all the old branches one-half to two-thirds of their original length. Thin out the central branches if they are likely to become crowded, and, during the summer, break out from time to time all surplus sprouts, leaving only those which will be required to give the head of the tree the requisite shape. The wounds made in cutting off large branches should be covered with some kind of a solution which will keep out the water and prevent decay. Common grafting wax applied hot is as good as anything known for this purpose, but ordinary mineral paint may be used instead without danger of injury to the tree. When the old stems are partially dead, the rotten wood may be removed and the sound parts underneath painted over to prevent further decay. The coarse bark should also be scraped off from the stem and larger branches, after which an application of soft soap or whitewash may be applied with benefit. The renovation of old fruit trees may frequently be attended with better results than the planting out of new, especially of choice varieties known to be adapted to the locality.—*Moore's Rural.*

IT IS THE BUSINESS OF EVERYONE HAVING A COLD, to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any existing inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

MY PORTRAIT.

"I'll never, never speak to you again, John Jennings," said Rosie Atwood, indignantly. "Never."

John Jennings was myself.

Rosie Atwood, besides being a pretty girl, was my promised wife.

The cards were ordered.

The cake was under way—a twenty-pound lump of indigestion, with a whole swarm of sugar Cupids and roses built on top of it.

I had even seen her in her wedding-dress, something that looked like a glorious snow-storm of white silk, tulle and flowers.

And here she was, telling me to my face that she would "never never, speak to me again—never."

I rubbed my eyes, and pinched myself, to make sure that it wasn't an active fit of the nightmare, after the lobster salad we indulged in at the close of the opera last night.

"Rosie," said I, "you're crazy."

"No, I'm not," she said, behind her pocket-handkerchief. "But you're a—a mean, miserable, male coquette. Go away. Here's my ring. I never want to see it or you again."

And the little diamond twinkled bewilderingly at me, as she flung it towards my feet.

"What have I done?" demanded I, gaining courage from the exigencies of the position. "Rosie, I insist upon some reason for this very unaccountable conduct."

"You've been corresponding with Nina Southwick. You've been sending her your photograph," hysterically wailed by bride-elect. "Go away, you false, vile man."

"I don't know Nina Southwick from Eve," I protested. "I haven't an idea what you're talking about."

"How dare you deny it," cried Rosie, "when I saw it with my own eyes? It was a feigned hand, to be sure, but there was no feigning the photograph. Mary Green saw it, and Mary told me, and Mary brought Miss Southwick here, and she showed me the portrait herself. So there now."

"Mary Green is a meddling old maid," cried I, nearly distracted.

"But Nina Southwick isn't. Nina is a pretty giggling miss of sixteen—just the one to take a gentleman's eye," said Rosie. "But I didn't think it of you, John, after all your vows of eternal constancy and never-changing love."

"Nina Southwick may be as beautiful as Hebe," protested I, "but I solemnly swear to you that I never set eyes on her in my life."

"Don't perjure yourself," said Rosie. "Remember your precious soul. I dare say you can argue very finely, but you can't make me disbelieve the evidence of my own senses."

"Won't you let me plead for myself, Rosie? Won't you listen to me?"

"No, I won't," said Rosie. "I won't, I won't, I won't."

And she ran out of the house with two little dimpled hands at her ears.

I went home with Rosie's engagement ring wedged as far as it would go on the little finger of my left hand, feeling very much as if the world had made a sudden revolution, and turned everything upside down.

"I don't know who Miss Southwick can possibly be," quoth I to myself; "but she's done for me, whoever she is. Nina Southwick. I never heard the name in my life. But Rosie is in earnest, that's plain enough. I wonder what it all means?"

I sat staring at my fire, very low spirited, indeed.

And small wonder.

An hour ago I was a happy individual, with the wedding-day close at hand—now I was nothing more than a jilted lover, with my sweetheart mortally incised at me, and all for no possible fault of my own.

"I don't know what I shall do," said I, half aloud, "unless I find out this Miss Southwick by some hocuspocus or another, and ask her what Rosie can possibly mean. There's some mistake. Of course there is, if I could only lay my finger on it."

I was sitting thus, with my head in my hands, and my elbows resting on knees, when there came a tumultuous knocking at the door, and in rushed my old chum, Dick Arnold.

"Hallos," bawled Dick, nearly wringing my hand off in the boisterous cordiality of his greeting. "Wish you joy, old chap. When's the happy day? When will you introduce me? But what's the matter? Neuralgia or toothache? Brandy's good for that—or if she don't like the smell of it on your breath, try Rose drops."

"It isn't that," said I, gloomily. "Dick, I'm glad you've come in just now. I need a friend to confide in."

"Eh?" said Dick, rumpling up his hair until he looked like an Indian.

"She has thrown me off for ever."

"No," cried Dick.

"It is too true. And all on account of one Nina Southwick."

"What," roared Dick, jumping up. "Miss Southwick?"

"Yes. And what's the best of it, or rather the worst of it, I don't know Nina Southwick from Queen Victoria."

"I do," said Dick, tugging moodily at his carrot-colored moustache.

"Perhaps," said I, with a gleam of hope, "you'll introduce me, then. Because she may be able to help me see daylight through this curious muddle?"

"Old fellow," said Dick, "I didn't mean it. But don't kick me downstairs—it's all my fault."

"You are mad," said I.

"You will be when you hear it all," said Dick, with a dolorous effort at a smile. "I sent that photograph."

"What photograph?"

"Yours."

"You sent it?"

"Yes."

"To Miss Ninah Southwick?"

"Yes, to Miss Ninah Southwick. And I'll tell you how it came to pass. I corresponded with her, just for fun. She's a cousin of Prosper's, who has the law office next to mine. She wrote to me for my portrait. I'm a homely sort of fellow at my best, and my photographs look seven degrees worse than I do. Yours was sticking in my looking-glass frame, so I just sent that instead. It was only for a lark, I give you my word."

I looked reproachfully at him.

"It's a lark that will last me my lifetime," said I. "She has shown it to some old catamaran, who has shown it to Rosie—and Rosie very naturally concludes I have been playing a double game all this time."

"Now, look here," pleaded honest Dick, "things are not as bad as all that. I'll go to her myself, and tell her exactly how it happened."

And Dick Arnold was as good as his words.

Rosie Atwood, as she afterwards reported to me, was a Niobe, all in tears, when he sent up his card, with "Upon Important Business," written in pencil underneath the "R. Arnold."

"She said at first," stated Dick, "that she would never forgive me. But she thought better of it afterwards, when I told her I'd cut my right hand off to serve you, if the worst should come to the worst. And then she cried and laughed, and said, if you could forgive me, she would."

And even while Dick was telling his tale, a pink, three-cornered note from Rosie was brought me.

"Dearest John," it said, "if you can ever pardon me those cruel words, come to me to-night.

"R. A."

Of course I obeyed the little tear-blotted missive.

Of course there was a general "kissing and making up."

And, of course, Rosie vowed she would never, never doubt me again.

"But you must own yourself, darling," said Rosie, while I fitted on the diamond ring again, "that I had a good reason this time."

And I answered her with the lover's best argument—a kiss.

GOOD LESSONS FROM ENGLAND.

It would be well to take, what would cost us nothing, a few lessons of domestic economy from England, where no one thinks it beneath his dignity to live within his income.

English women do not possess what we consider taste in dress, but they dress sensibly, comfortably, and inexpensively.

While there is no actual livery to mark class differencies, there are strong, unwritten sumptuary laws in England still. The female servant is not permitted, on the pain of losing her place, to wear any material more expensive than calico, or, as they call it, print; she must neither wear ribbons, nor flowers, nor flounces, nor any finery whatever. Silk, satins, velvets, laces, feathers and diamonds are left almost entirely to the nobility and gentry, with whom the lower classes do not attempt to vie. To be dressed beyond her station in life is no credit, but a reproach to English women.

Another admirable thing is, that the style of dress to be worn on every occasion is settled beforehand, a sort of regulation suit, and as the fashions do not change as rapidly as with us—for they are the last women to adopt a fashion, and the last to resign it—ladies are enabled to wear their clothes out, without feeling that they look old-fashioned, nor have they any false pride about being seen repeatedly in the same dresses.

As a sample of the "regulation dress" take the fact that in every theatre, in every place of amusement, every evening, every lady will wear a white wreath, white kid gloves, with a red opera cloak thrown over her bare shoulders; and at every ceremonious dinner party, reception, or ball, fashion insists that the lady at sixty, as well as the lass of sixteen, shall wear a waist cut low in the neck, which reminds me of the gentleman who sat between two ladies, and being called upon to make an after-dinner speech, made a most courteous allusion to his bosom friend on the right, and his still more bosom friend on the left.

The English are a methodical, steady, home-loving people. They systematize their lives and have a purpose in them—that purpose is usefulness. To this end, they spare no pains in the education of their children. In order to teach them the value and proper outlay of money, in well-to-do families, every little one is given a trifle, say a shilling, or sixpence a week to spend as it pleases, upon the condition that it should render an account correctly balanced.

It is pleasant to see children flocking to their parents, when the day of reckoning comes, each boy and girl with a little account-book, hoping that its expenditure may be approved of. The system of an allowance begins with the mistress of the house. She is given so much for personal, so much for domestic use. The usual allowance for a young girl of the middle class is twenty pounds a year, not more than enough in this country to buy a girl a silk dress, and from forty to fifty pounds yearly for the upper classes.

Out of the these twenty or fifty pounds a young lady must entirely clothe herself from head to foot throughout the four seasons, but she must give to the poor and to the Church; in short, this small sum must include all her expenses except board. No young girl in the middle classes could dress on here, but clothing and everything else is cheaper than with us; besides, English people are deadly enemies to waste, have reduced economy in small matters to a science, and are in nowise ashamed to be careful of the pence, but they give very freely to the poor, and there is no country in the world where so many charitable institutions are supported by voluntary contributions.

Every mother of a family instructs her daughters in the knowledge of housekeeping; according to their age they take their turn in managing the house, the eldest daughter one week, the second the next, so that when girls marry they are thoroughly capable of directing servants, and have none of the bitter experience of our girls when they begin housekeeping for themselves.

Young people are not afraid of marrying on small incomes, for the man knows that the woman will live within his means. They do not begin life in boarding-houses, but draw apart from the world, and found neat, retired little houses of their own.

Girls are not thrown freely into the society of gentlemen. The English do not contract marriage as hastily as we do, but approve of long courtships, during which they have time to become acquainted with each other's character, consequently they bestow, and receive much happiness in wedded life.

Men have confidence in, and respect for their women, who make exemplary wives and mothers. Owing to their very careful bringing up, and their commendable plan of living strictly within their means, English women do not lose their head, nor become dazzled as readily as American women, when elevated to brilliant positions, and surrounded by unaccustomed luxury and wealth. Our stock is, however, as good as theirs, though our home training lacks their uprightness and completeness.—[*Treasure Trove.*

FACETIÆ.

YOUNG SWELL—"I should like to have my moustache dyed." Polite Barber—"Certainly. Did you bring it with you?"

"I spose, my beluvved hearers," said a colored parson, "I spec to day to take a broad field in my discourse. It takes me a good while to git away from the dock, but when I once strikes de deep water, den look out for de big fish."

"QUICK" WIT!—Young Smith: "Rather sudden that about Jones, isn't it? Died at six o'clock this morning." Old Brown: "Good gracious, you don't say so? Why, I met him only last night, and—and—and he was alive then!"

AN intelligent foreigner, passing through the streets of Philadelphia, took out his note book at the end of a long walk, and made a little memorandum to the effect that "eighty-nine per centum of the population of Philadelphia are members of the powerful family of roomstolet."

SEVEN A. M.—Boy has terrible toothache; can't go to school. Half-past nine A. M.—A solitary figure may be seen skulking the streets leading to the creek. Perch and chubs bite. Half-past six P. M.—Soothe, woodshed. *Dramatis personæ*, the old man, one trunk strap, one boy. Let's draw the curtain.

"WHAT would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a *leetle* absent minded."

"MADAM," said a polite traveler to a very old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't understand what you mean; but if you mean that there's anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand, you've struck the wrong house, there ain't the first hair in it, for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me the kitten was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over."

YOUNG Mr. Heavyswell, just arrived from London, went to one of the largest hotels in Philadelphia to inquire about rooms. "Yes, sir," said the clerk, "we can accommodate you, and would be pleased to have you patronize us." Handing a key to a brother clerk, he said, "Mr. Smith, show the gentleman 504." "Pon me soul, you know," exclaimed Mr. Heavyswell, "I really haven't time to look at so many, you know; suppose you show me a specimen, you know, of the others."

SOMETHING WANTED.—Yesterday morning, just after the drayman on Monroe avenue was well filled, a man about fifty years old rapidly approached the teamsters.

"Want a dray?" yelled one, rushing at him.

"Want a wagon?" screamed another.

"He wants some one to move him, and I'm the man!" exclaimed a third.

"Gentlemen," began the man, but before he could say any more he was entirely surrounded by the draymen, and each one was clamorously asserting the merits of his horse and the strength of his vehicle.

"Hold on," he cried, trying to wave them back, but it was two or three minutes before they would hold on.

"What I wanted, gentlemen," he commenced again, when they shouted:

"Only fifty cents for this red dray!"

"Take your goods right out of the house and not break a thing!"

He waited until every voice was silent, and then quietly said:

"What I wanted was a chew of the weed."

They told him to go and buy it.—[Detroit Free Press.

Keep the Liver Active.

The above is a sound health maxim. In order that the functions of digestion, evacuation and secretion shall be discharged with that degree of regularity and vigor which is essential to the well being of both body and mind, the liver, upon whose activity they are dependent for their due performance, must be kept in good working order. Calomel and blue pills, besides being hurtful mineral drugs, only partially and temporarily rectify disorders or sluggishness of the great biliary gland. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, on the contrary, accomplish thoroughly what the above medicines fail in doing, and are besides a safe as well as potent remedy for disorders of the stomach, bowels and organs of urination, as well as an unequalled general invigorant. They are, moreover, a sterling antidote to malaria.

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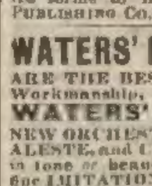

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THE FASHIONS.

There has never been a time when more artistic skill has been displayed in design, color and finish of dress fabrics, than the present. The shop windows are pictures, and to the curious mind studies in themselves. Every fibre pertaining to the animal and vegetable kingdoms that can be made available, seems to have been brought into use. At our great Exposition we realize especially this latter fact; and apropos of the Centennial, we have some suggestions to offer in the way of appropriate costumes.

As the summer advances, and our proverbial Philadelphia heat increases, the first desideratum is to combine comfort with elegance. Now nothing is so satisfactory for a trip to the grounds and through the buildings, than the sheer, cool

GRASS-CLOTH LINENS.

These come in several shades. A greenish gray, a clear cream-tint, which is now the preferred color, and also one or two shades of drab. We propose to describe a suit of

CREAM-COLORED LINEN OR GRASS CLOTH.

The underskirt, which must be of a sensible walking length, has one deep flounce, knife-plaited on. With the present convenient machines for making this popular trimming, it is a matter of ease and cheapness to have it done. The overskirt is long, and of a fullness sufficient for graceful drapery, and is edged with knife-plaiting two inches wide and finely plaited. Below this plaiting is an edge of green-tinted linen lace. The overskirt is looped on the left side in four upturned plaits.

The right side had a deep plaited pocket, headed with an upright ruffle of the lace, and having a bow of ribbon on the outside near the centre.

The sacque to this suit is out half loose, and long on the tips and in front. It is trimmed to correspond with the overskirt.

The sleeves are half-tight, fitting to just below the elbow. From thence they fall in a plaited frill.

A belt of dark Russian leather, with overlapping plaits of nickel or oxydised silver, and having chatelaine attachments is worn with it.

A suitable hat to accompany such a suit, for a young person is a wide-rimmed Leghorn flat, with one side slightly looped; under it a cluster of poppies and primroses. A scarf of cream-tinted grenadine is loosely twisted about the crown, and the long floating end can be worn around the throat as protection from the sun.

Another costume is of black silk and grenadine or hernani. The mixed goods in this latter article, where silk and a sort of mohair fibre are combined, makes a much cooler dress than the all-wool variety, and in stripes can be obtained for a nominal sum.

The suit we propose to describe has a silk underskirt, made either entirely plain, or having a pleated flounce of hernani at the bottom. The overdress is a polonaise, closing down the front, and held together by double-loop bows, set on at regular intervals. A piping of silk extends around the bottom and up the sides of the front, edged by a row of Spanish lace. From the belt to the throat this lace is put on in shell form, giving the *jabot* effect.

Pockets of hernani, lined with fine muriline silk are placed low down, on each side of the polonaise. The neck is finished by a round, flaring collar, inside of which is a ruffle of the lace.

At each side, directly under the arms eye, where it ends at the belt, are sash ends, set in pleats. These are made to loop the back widths of the polonaise, and for that purpose are tied in graceful folds.

There is a transient fancy for reviving colored grenadines and bernanles; and among the most stylish of such fabrics may be ranked the very dark blue, brown, and the popular cream color. They are shown in barred and striped styles.

The French taste for mantles, and drapery of some kind for the street, has communicated itself in a measure to our side of the water. On all sides we see pretty capes, or Dolmans of light grey and cream-colored cloths; also are mantelets of black silk. This latter material being heavy for summer wear, there is a fancy for having these mantelets made of stout Brussels net silk, not the cotton net, and an applique pattern of palm leaves and arabesque forms, put on and braided on the outlines with narrow silk braid. Edged with silk fringe or Calais lace, these garments are very stylish.

OVERDRESSES, POLONAISES.

and indeed entire suits of the plaided scotch gingham are gaining in favor. Many wear the former styles over silk underskirts, and loop them with bows of ribbons to match one of the leading colors in the plaid.

There is some talk of reviving the gay costumes known as Dolly Varden goods some years ago. The style and the Dolly Varden shape being so especially appropriate to the Centennial season, since they both agree with the fashion and fabric of some of the original '76 garments. For the country and watering places, these would be very appropriate.

Many of the imported French suits have no overskirts, but are elaborately trimmed to imitate them. Among such costumes we noticed one of silver gray silk, well worthy of a description. The entire front of the dress was trimmed with scarfs laid in four large upturned pleats, and placed diagonally across. Three of these scarfs were used, each edged with heavy silk fringe, in which were loops of chenille. The back widths were long and had at the bottom a knife pleating four inches wide. This pleating extended round the entire skirt also. Above the pleating, in the back, were four gathered flounces, each four and a half inches wide. On the right side of the front were placed five double-loop bows of faille ribbon, at regular intervals from belt to hem. On the left side, high up near the waist, a long scarf was set in four large pleats, held also by a double bow. On the lower side this scarf was an edging of fringe, similar to that upon the front scarfs. This long scarf was then taken diagonally across the back, being caught by a bow low down on the right side of the back. The cuirass basque was piped with silk and edged with fringe. A pointed fichu was defined back and front by five folds of silk an inch wide each, cut bias and overlapping.

The coat sleeves had a trimming of three narrow frills at the wrist, headed by four bias folds, and the double bow on the outer seam. The neck had a high square-edged collar, with broken points.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Netted scarfs of soft silk are used for trimming hats and bonnets.

The popular shade hat for the country, is of soft, light manilla braid, covered with tarleton puffs or ruches.

Among the newest hats are many shading the forehead, and turned up behind, much in the style of last winter, only having lower crowns.

Linen suits embroidered by machine, are fashionable now.

Damask percales in dark blue and brown are combined with plain tints in making suits.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Homer & Colladay, for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have a very decided novelty to present to our readers in the form of mats made of corn-husk. For summer "play-work," when time hangs a little heavy, this will be found very pleasant.

The inner leaves of the corn-husk are chosen. If very green they must be left in the sun a little while to ripen and toughen, after being plucked off. Of course, the leaves from a full grown ear, must be chosen; or even from ears of last season, if they can be obtained, may be used. Soaking the leaves of these latter in hot water softens them, and prevents that brittleness caused by lying by. Cut the leaves with a sharp pair of scissors into strips of the eighth or a seventh of an inch in width.

Braid in three, using the method adopted for straw plaiting, which is to join the first three strips at the top for a commencement and hold them fastly; begin on the right side by turning over the strip smoothly over the middle strip, and under the third. Then do the same with the strip on the left, always turning to the centre; then the next and so on. When the strips run out, instead of joining them, slip others in, with the ends a little out beyond, they can be clipped afterwards. When a sufficient quantity of braid has been made, commence to make the mats, by forming a round centre piece, and sewing row after row around it, being careful to lay them flatly. A fringe for the outer edge can be made of the husk, cut in strips with the scissors and sewed on the braid. Round or star-shaped ornaments can be made of the braid and put on at regular intervals around the edge. By having several thicknesses of fringe a mossy effect is given, which is very pretty. We advise our readers to try these and think pretty effects could be obtained by introducing mosses and dried fern leaves with gray and brown linheus for a border.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Bettina.—Your gray mohair sample is just the thing to make into an ulster, for your Centennial trip.

Mrs. M. K.—Get brown or grey debege for your little girls traveling dresses; you will find them more satisfactory than linen. The Ulsters may be of linen, however, and the traveling hats too, for that matter.

Ellie V.—Wear your hair in low plaits behind, and waved in front.

Mrs. H.—No, we do not give the addresses of firms.

Niron.

TOM.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

Yes, Tom's the best fellow ever you knew.
Just listen to this!
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, higher and higher,
But Robin my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me.
Toddled along from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted. "For Heaven's sake men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could here them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again—O God—what a cry!
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there when swift, at my side
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;
Tom 'it was saved him. Now isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow ever you know?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

(*Appleton's Journal.*)

ONE WOMAN'S STORY.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"I don't believe a word of it; and nobody needn't come to me with any such stuff and nonsense. If a woman *wants* to keep her husband's affections let her take care of herself. Such a shabby, faded thing as Mrs. Morris, would drive any man to the——"

Miss Jones didn't say *where*, for she had come of a sudden into the light of a searching pair of eyes, and she bit off her words as she bit off her thread, with a click of her false teeth, and a little "sigh" that meant—nobody knew what.

It was Sewing-society day in the village of Kent, and the usual members were there; and the usual gossip was circulating with a little more than the old freedom; and the private (?) affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Morris was the theme under discussion; and nearly every one in the wide, old-fashioned parlor of the grey-haired, old-fashioned minister, had said some ungenerous thing about *her*, some excusing thing about *him*.

Miss Jones—the old maid of the circle—had been more than usually vituperative in her remarks, which might be "accounted for," Kitty Nolan said, "*easily*, if one only bore in mind the ridiculous fact of *herself* being, at one time, head-over-heels in love, with that same Herbert Morris." Not an elegant, but a positive, truth.

The pair of eyes referred to belonged to the minister's wife, and their mute way of saying things is more than any one could bear, any one whose conscience was not wholly void of offense, I mean. She was a pale, patient, meek little woman, this wife of the man whom we all honored and loved, bearing her crosses in silence, and making no moan, for herself, however rough the way. For others? Well—everybody cried to her from the depths of any trouble—and seldom in vain; and in her own home she was the all-things-in-all that husband and children need.

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Jones"—it was Grandmother Jenkins who broke the silence at last; "perhaps you are right, in the main. But one woman cannot do everything; and Mrs. Morris' life has been overfull of care, perhaps of trouble, too, that we know nothing about."

"I don't know whoever *wants to* know," snapped the old maid; "I'm sure I don't know."

"If we know enough to make us tender, instead of just enough to be critical, it would be better for us all, I think." And there was a tone that savored of reproof in the minister's wife.

"You are right, Mrs. Lynn; and I thank you."

Nobody had seen her enter—nobody knew just how much or how little she had overheard; but there she stood, poor Mrs. Morris, leaning against the door, white as marble, her hands close-locked, and her eyes seeming to rest on no one in the room, but to be seeing something far away, something not sweet to look upon.

A sudden stir followed in the wake of her quiet words. Miss Jones, in her guilty confusion cut the fronts of little Bob Smith's jackets, both for one side, and Grandma Jenkins wiped her gold-bowed spectacles till one of the glasses dropped into her lap where no little child could sit without dreaming of Paradise, "so nice and *good*" a place it was—the wee ones said.

Mrs. Morris went forward, presently, to the work-table, asking pleasantly for something to do, and as if nothing at all of a disagreeable character had suggested itself by word or thought.

"But you have so much to do for your own," the minister's suggested; "had you better not look on, and rest?"

"It will rest me to help you," she answered, quietly; "the change will, of itself, be rest."

And so, for an hour, she worked busily and cheerily, and no one guessed how her heart ached.

Then she went away.

"I wish you would come in to-night," she said to the minister's wife, who pressed her hand in the doorway, "I want to talk with you."

It was eight o'clock before everything was "put to rights" in the parsonage, and its mistress free to follow the incline of her thoughts, and of her heart.

"You'll not be gone long, dear?" the gray-headed lover asked; "and hadn't you better take Hettie?"

"No, to both," laughed the little wife, who doted on her husband. "It's only around the corner, and it's as light as day, almost. I'm not in the least timid. But don't sit up for me. You must be very tired."

She smoothed his soft hair, caressingly a moment, stooped and kissed him, then went out into the night, around the corner and into the house that was *home* to no one, though it sheltered seven bodies alive with the hopes and fears and longings common to our humanity.

"I heard it all," Mrs. Morris admitted, when the two women were side by side in the still night together; "I heard every word. I don't know as I blame any one—the world can see only the outside, you know; but I wanted to tell *you the truth*."

"If it will do you *good* to tell it; if I can help or comfort you in any way, I shall be so glad, so glad."

"Perhaps you can; I do not know." Then, after a little pause, "When Herbert Morris was my lover," she went on, stroking the soft hair of the baby on her lap, "or for a little while after I became his wife, he was, or seemed to be, very fond of me. I was beautiful, then, with the smoothe, round cheeks men love to kiss, and the happy eyes they never tire of praising; and the world looked very fair from the roses where I stood."

"Yes; I know," whispered the minister's wife, leaning down to tangle her white fingers with the brown ones in the baby's hair. "I know all about her."

"I didn't know much about housekeeping," continued Mrs. Morris. "I was very young, just out of school, and Herbert was too poor to hire a servant; at least he could scarcely *afford* to do so, and I thought I would prove my love by a willingness to do a thousand things that I had never thought I *could* do. He seemed pleased with my efforts at economy, and as I was an apt pupil, we got along nicely t illthe baby came. After that, I had little time for *personal* adornment; and if I tried to fix myself up a little Herbert was always beside me saying, 'Never mind the hair!' or, 'Never mind the collar; I'm in an awful hurry.'

"And the babies came so fast! This is the fifth, and the eldest is but eight, and my health was never good. Still we could not afford to hire, Herbert said; and I did the best I could. I think I did the best I could, always—though I was not always patient and forbearing. I could have borne the sickness and the care and the poverty, and been strong and glad through all, if only once in a while he had said he loved me and was sorry for me. But he grew so changed and cold! And when I saw his heart was going from me, I blamed myself, as Miss Jones was blaming me to-day. And I said, 'He is *my darling* and I *will* not lose him!'

"I remember the time so well. The apple trees were all a-bloom; and I tried to brighten the poor old house with them. All day I worked so hard, planning to surprise him when he came home at night, and longing so, just to have him smile his approval; he was so handsome when he smiled. And I thought, perhaps, he would pat my head, a little; or touch my cheek; or say some little word that my starved life might feast on. And I put a bit of fresh lace and a ribbon at my throat; and a tiny blush blossom in my hair that had grown thin and lost its brightness—alas! just as *I* had."

"And when he came?"

"Yes; when he came! I am not likely to forget it"—Mrs. Morris' tone was full of a bitter pathos—"though I wish I could; *I wish I could!* I was watching at the window with baby in my arms, when he came round the corner with beautiful Ellen Hays, and both were laughing merrily; and I laughed, too, thinking that he would smile on me in just that happy way when he saw me looking so like the girl he married and loved and—

"Well—he didn't seem to notice me at all; and scarcely answered my good evening. I'd not have known him at the table for the same man I saw upon the street—and something was wrong. I don't remember what. But it was a very little thing, though it furnished an excuse for overtaking Ellen Hays and dining with her at Willard's—leaving me alone with the little ones, wretched—reckless—desperate!"

"'If there's one thing I detest more than another,' he said, as he rose from the table angrily, 'it's to see an old married woman with half a dozen young ones tagging at her apron strings try to get herself up like a girl; wasting time she ought to give to the cook-stove, and succeeding only in making herself ridiculous.'

"I never wasted time in that way again, and I've cared for nothing since that fearful night which I passed alone, knowing that he was with *her*—cared for nothing and no one save *my children*.

"The world may say what it will. The *women* in it will always blame a woman, always excuse a man. I do not care. But I heard your remark to-day, and felt, somehow, as if I wanted *you* to know.

"I *am* a 'jaded,' 'shabby' woman. And my life is wretched, and my heart is broken. But I have never brought *dishonor* upon *him* or his."

The mother's tears were dripping over the baby's flaxen hair; the wind sighed at the casement; the moon shone white and cold, and a little bird was crying its heart out into the silence that seemed so full of sorrow.

"If I had—if I had gone straight into the arms of the Evil One, I don't think *God* would have wondered much—save that I had *the children*."

And so the story ended.

"How strangely tangled the threads of some lives are," the minister's wife said, musingly, that night as she lay with her soft cheek nestled up into the snow of her husband's beard; and how cruel some men are. Just to think, dear, of all the toil and the pain and the shame that may be waiting for Mrs. Morris yet. She is so young—only twenty-nine!—and he spending enough in dishonoring ways to keep her and the children as happy as birds—if he *only loved them*, too. It's dreadful! perfectly dreadful!"

And so say we all; but who will give us a remedy for the evil so widely and so blackly spread?

Certainly not Miss Jones, nor any of her kind.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE BUILDING.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Massachusetts State Building.

Massachusetts brings before the world as her State Building, a specimen of Colonial architecture, quaint-looking, derived partly from the English and partly from the French, and it does not fail to attract general attention. This is one of the few of the State Buildings which have adopted as their model, the style of houses common to Colonial times. Cosmopolitan New York on the contrary, has thrown aside all history and tradition, and has erected a counterpart of the elegant villas which bloom like flowers in the delightful suburbs of that city. Most of the other State buildings present fewer distinctive features, but this will not seem strange when it is remembered that in the breathless advances of the last one hundred years, the population has moved from one State to another with as much ease and as little thought as people are journeyed from town to town. So intermixed, in consequence, have become the architectural styles originally introduced by the wealthy resident of the several subdivisions of the Union that now there can be found in any one city counterparts of the most common dwelling, not only of a dozen different States, but of as many different countries.

The Massachusetts State Building is one and a-half stories in height, with dormer windows and light and fancy verandahs. The roof is steep, the rear portion being twice as long as the front part, thus making the rear wall considerably shorter than the front. Over the main entrance there is a covering which is in keeping with the roof, and is shingled. The building is lathed and plastered outside as well as inside, and the timbers painted a deep brown, which gives to the whole the appearance of panels.

Don't Slander.—She may be innocent of the charge alleged against her; you may have condemned her from circumstantial evidence, and it is never safe to render a decision upon such evidence alone. Be sure you are right before you undertake to go ahead. Your neighbor may be poor, and have no friends; if so, by kind words and charitable deeds make yourself her friend, instead of, by harsh words and arbitrary display of the power with which wealth invests you, crushing an already humbled heart, and bringing misery upon one on whom it would have been just as easy, and far more natural, to have bestowed comfort and happiness. The one upon whom you would vent your malice may be a widow or orphan—one deprived of her benefactor or guardian; then be thou a benefactor, and suffer not the breath of calumny to taint the fair fame of an unblemished character. If there remain one feeling of humanity in the bosom of the slanderer, how doubly keen must be his remorse when the amount of misery he has occasioned forces itself upon him!

Happiness.—How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within, or whether it is only the play of sunbeams that chance to fall on him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel or mallet—not mortised into the soul: it is "put out" like the arm of a tree, whose green unravelled sleeve flutters with the life it shares.

A great mistake; to hold oneself too high and rate oneself too cheap.

PERSONALITIES.

Brigham Young's wives are down with the measles. Number of wives and number of of measles not stated.

Captain Webb, who swam across the English Channel, has been presented with $20,000. He proposes to visit America.

General Fitzhugh Lee declines to command the southern troops of the Centennial Legion at Philadelphia, on July 4.

Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., son of the President, was recently admitted to the bar in the Supreme Court, General Term, in New York.

Donald MacKenzie and his party left England about the middle of June to ascertain whether the inundation of the Desert of Sahara is a practicable undertaking.

Sir Henry Havelock, who should come honestly by his information, in a recent speech in the Commons denounced the native army in India as rotten from head to foot.

The Prince of Wales declined to be present at any bull fight during his visit in Spain, as "inconsistent with my relation to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and just now the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany has with equal publicity disclaimed all knowledge of an international pigeon shooting match with which his name had been prematurely connected.

Stoops.—The benign and handsome countenance of our enterprising Brooklyn friend, J. Walter Stoops, has again appeared in this City of Brotherly Love. J. Walter has just published a handsomely bound book containing upwards of 150 pages of advertisements of the leading hotels and commercial firms, including the principal houses of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The volume is a good specimen of typographical correctness.

The Vicar of Kensington, England, had sufficient strength of mind to refuse the Bishopric of Calcutta when it was recently offered to him. Strength of mind seems to be habitual with him. In a recent address to female candidates for confirmation he requested them to so arrange their hair that the Bishop might REALLY (in small capitals) lay his hand upon their heads.

Mr. Chock Wong, the editor-in-chief of the San Francisco *Oriental*, the only Chinese newspaper published in this country, is a gentleman of affable manners, a naturalized American citizen, and can manage a telegraphic apparatus, of the latest patent, with an ease and nonchalance equal to that of any of the most expert Western Union or Atlantic and Pacific operators.

Field Marshal Von Moltke, the man who is silent in seven languages, recently delivered an elaborate oration at the banquet of the Lincei at Rome. Signor Sella paid elaborate compliments to the veteran warrior, and coupled his name with German science. In response Von Moltke arose, drew a scrap of paper from his pocket, adjusted his spectacles, and read one sentence in Italian: "Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the health of His Majesty, the King of Italy."

The Emperor William on his way to Coburg breakfasted in Eisenach. Around the table were eight chairs and a sofa with cushions. The Emperor asked the head waiter for whom the sofa was placed there. "For your Imperial Majesty," said the waiter. "Take it away," replied the monarch, "and give me a chair like the others." This incident is characteristic of the Emperor, who will not submit, when traveling, to be distinguished in any way from his retinue.

Mr. C. G. Howe, formerly Private Secretary to Committee Internal Affairs, Senate Chamber, Albany, has, through the kindness of Messrs G. F. and W. D. Garrison, been promoted to a position as private Secretary to Mr. James E. Shaw, owner and proprietor Grand Union Hotel, N. Y. Mr. Howe is an able and enterprising gentleman, who, by industry and strict attention to business, has won the friendship and confidence of his present employers. His numerous friends in this and other cities will doubtless be pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. George H. Colliss, was a dry-goods merchant in Providence, R. I. He invented a cut-off machine by which the surplus power in an engine could be saved from waste. Satisfied, after perfecting his apparatus, that he made a valuable discovery, he offered his invention to the neighboring manufacturers. They said they would like to have it but could not purchase. He said they might take it and pay him only what they saved in coal, labor, etc., during five years. The result proved that he made an excellent bargain, and he is now a millionaire.

SCIENTIFIC.

A compound of grease and zinc filings is found to be an excellent preventive against rust for iron bolts inserted in wood. It is used to line the bolt hole.

The first practical use ever made of a gas well was not to supply fuel, but as a substitute for steam in a steam engine. It was a success, and ran the engine without fuel or fire.

Nearly all the amber of commerce comes from eastern Prussia, where it is obtained by dredging the bottom of the sea, just off the coast. It was recently discovered that amber occurs in a deposit called the "blue earth."

It is certain that the addition of iron to the soil augments the brilliancy of color in many flowers. The scales that are hammered by the blacksmith from the heated bars of iron are excellent for this purpose; or the iron turnings and filings of the machine shops may be used. Mixed with the earth they soon dissolve, to appear in the more vivid coloring of the flowering plants that draw their nutriment from the ferruginous soil.

Poisonous Wall-Paper.—Professor Hodges, writing to an Irish contemporary, says it is merely necessary to place a small piece of wall-paper, suspected to be poisonous, on a saucer, and to pour over it about half a teaspoonful of the solution of ammonia. If any of the arsenical green be present, the solution in a few seconds will become of a rich blue colour; and if, on placing a bit of lunar caustic—nitrate of silver—about the size of a pea in the solution, a yellow ring or crust of yellow arsenite of silver forms round the caustic, the presence of the poison may be regarded as certain.

A very simple method of securing the consumption of smoke in steam boiler furnaces has just been discovered in England. It is thus described: Just above the fire-door of the boiler a couple of circular holes, about two and a half inches in diameter, are bored, and two pipes inserted which run at the top of the furnace for about one third or half its length. A small pipe connected with the boiler drives a jet of steam into each of the pipes, which thus creates two strong draughts of air. This air is rarefied by the steam, and is driven right in the center of the flame and smoke from the furnace, thus precipitating the carbon and preventing its escape.

Dr. R. Southey, in a lecture reported in the *Lancet*, remarks: "Health and longevity are not synonymous; neither are health and great muscularity. The most muscular men, great prize fighters, men who could fell an ox with their fists, have been known to be always ailing, and complaining about themselves. The state of perfect training, regarded by those who know little of it as a condition of most perfect health, is rather one of morbid imminence. Longevity, like height, is a rare attribute, but it does not signify health. The three oldest people I ever knew, women who reached respectively eighty-nine, ninety-eight, and a hundred, were valetudinarians, and had been so nearly all their lives."

The Growth of Man.—Observations regarding the growth of man have determined the following interesting facts. The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. The ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of three years is reached, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteenth year, being at the rate, for the average man, of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen the growth is feeble, being for the following two years about six-tenths of an inch a year; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is seldom over one inch. At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases.

Improved Telegraphy.—If the accounts of its operation are reliable, a machine just invented threatens to revolutionize the whole system of telegraphing. A New Yorker named Fuller, after experimenting for many years, claims to have invented a magneto-electric telegraph machine, which will produce a continuous electric current. The chief advantages claimed for the new instrument over the old battery machines are greater cheapness and greatly increased power. It is said one of the new machines, now on exhibition, is capable of transmitting eight hundred words a minute over eight hundred miles, or fifteen hundred a minute over fifty miles. It is operated by a small Baxter steam engine, which consumes only two buckets of coal a day. Certainly this invention, if found practicable, will reduce the price for transmission of all messages. But just there comes the pinch. Will it ever be adopted?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Fred's Housekeeping, Under Suspicion, The Doctor's Remedy, Home is Where Love Rules, Lillian, The Schemer Outwitted.

Railroads.—An Old Reader.—What we Americans call "rolling-stock" in England is spoken of as "railway-plant" being terms used to designate the tools, machinery, locomotives, cars, trucks, etc., for construction and working railroads.

Normal School, N. C. (Parkman)—"What is a Normal School?" A Normal School is one instituted for the purpose of instructing those who wish to become teachers. They are not all State institutions, as every important city has its Normal School.

M. R., (Ann Arbor)—"I want to know how far it is from New York to the West Indies and also to the East Indies." The distance from New York to the West Indies is about 1400 miles. To the East Indies in a direct line it is about 11,000 miles; but by the way of the Cape of Good Hope it is nearly twice that distance.

Population of the World.—G. D. L.—It is impossible to answer your questions with any degree of certainty as to accuracy, but according to the best and latest authority the population of the globe is put down at 1,200,000,000 divided as follows: In America, 72,000,000; Europe, 347,000,000; Asia, 720,000,000; Africa, 180,000,000; in Australia and Polynesia, 63,000,000.

Violet.—You can entirely remove the rain spots which you say so disfigure your felt hat by using a clean sponge well-saturated spirits of turpentine, which, if carefully done will make it look quite equal to new. (2) First soak the photographs in water till they come off the cards on which they are pasted or gummed, and then fix them in your scrap-book with a little starch.

English Rank.—R. R. J.—The order of precedence in the Royal family is as follows, in the order named: The Queen, Prince of Wales, the sons of the Sovereign, the grandsons, the brothers, the uncle, the Sovereign's brothers' or sisters' sons, and Prince Leopold, King of the Belgians. The next in rank, out side of the Royal family is the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England.

Qui Bono—M. A. M.—What is the meaning of the expression "Qui Bono," and how is it used? "It is a Latin expression, the two words meaning literally "to what good?" and is used to call in question the advantage likely to be derived from some idea or plan suggested. For instance, were a person telling another that he would annoy an individual for some fancied wrong done to himself, his friend might, perhaps, reply "Qui Bono?" meaning "what good would result from it?"

Foreign Governments.—C. Whittemore, (Milford)—Leopold I, is the King of Belgium. F. Errazuris, is President of Chili; Young Chei, Emperor of China; Montesohito, Emperor of Japan; Lerdo de Tejado, President of Mexico; Luis I, King of Portugal; M. Paul Ceserole, President of Switzerland, and Oscar II, King of Sweden. There may have been some recent changes in the governments of the South American Republics mentioned, if so, we have been unable to keep track of them.

Our Platform.—C. F. Dev.—So you do not understand what we meant in our salutatory, when we said what our "platform" was, and want to know what is the meaning of the word in the sense in which we used it. The word "platform" is in very common use in this country, to denote the collection of principles avowed by a political party, and is also largely used to imply the position taken up by any one who propounds certain theories or advocates certain principles. Each principle is supposed to represent a plank and the whole together to form a "platform." Now, do you understand?

Size of Churches.—T. A. B.—"Can you give us the dimensions of a few of the largest churches or cathedrals in this country as compared with those in Europe? It will be conferring a favor on some of your readers." New St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is 332 feet by 132 feet; St. Mary's, Baltimore, 190 by 177 feet; Trinity, New York, 192 by 84 feet; and St. Patrick's, New York, 156 by 80 feet. In the Old Country, are St. Peter's, Rome, 615 by 448 feet; Notre Dame, Paris, 518 by 107 feet; St. Paul's, London, 510 by 180 feet; Cathedral, Cologne, 409 by 161 feet, and La Madeline, Paris, 328 by 138 feet.

The Stars.—E. N. E.—The "Dipper" or "Charles Wain," is a group of stars which form part of the constellation known as "Ursa Major," the Great Bear. They are seven in number, in the shape of a dipper with the handle upward. The two at the end of the bowl always point to a nearly straight line to the North star, and are therefore called the "Pointers." The nearest pointer to the North star is named Alpha or Dubhe, and the other Beta or Merak. The star next to that Gamma; the next forming the bowl to handle, Delta; and the others through the same order, Epsilon, Zeta and Eta, being all named after letters of the Greek alphabet.

Swedenborg.—H. B. B.—Emmanuel Swedenborg was a distinguished Swedish philosopher, who pursued for many years the profoundest investigations in natural science and intellectual philosophy. The latter portion of his life he devoted to theology. He declared himself divinely commissioned to unfold the spiritual sense of the Scriptures, and announced the consummation of the Old and New Christian Church, which John saw as the "Holy City, New Jerusalem, descending from God out of Heaven." The last judgment, he says, took place in the spiritual world in the year 1757, and describes, as an eye-witness, what occurred on that occasion. His works, both scientific and theological, are numerous, and were originally published in Latin, but are now nearly, if not all translated, into English. There are many believers of his doctrines in Sweden, Germany, France, England, and this country. Swedenborg was born in 1689 and died 1772.

Diamonds.—Carrie.—Which are the largest diamonds at present in the world, and in whose possession are they?" The Orloff diamond, which is among the Crown jewels of Russia, forming the extremity of the Russian sceptre; it weighs 194 carats, is cut in the old rhomboid shape and was purchased by the Empress Catherine II, in 1775, for 450,000 rubles, an annuity of 2,000 rubles, and an ampioma of nobility, from an Armenian merchant. The next largest is the Regent or Pitt diamond, at present among the French Crown jewels. It weighed at the time it was purchased by the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France in 1717, 410 carats, but in the cutting and polishing into perfect diamond form, it lost about two-thirds of its size; the operation lasting two years and costing 21,000 thalers. The third largest is the famous Koh-i-noor, (the mountain of light) which became the property of the Queen of England on the annexation of the Punjaub in 1850. It then weighed 186 carats. But it has been since re-cut and reduced to 103½ carats. The fourth is the Florentine or Tuscan diamond, weight, 139¾ carats, which is now in the Imperial treasury at Vienna.

Meerschaum Pipe.—Smoker.—We cannot tell you how to color a meerchaum pipe from our own experience, as to tell the truth it is a work of time, patience, and last, but not least, money, and for all these reasons we never tried the experiment. We, however, have obtained the following instructions for you from a friend to whom we put the question. He says: "The process is a tedious one, and, if properly carried out, a genuine meerschaum pipe can be colored in about two years' time, smoking three pipes a day, to ebony blackness. At first you must smoke slowly and deliberately, as it does not do to make the pipe so hot that you cannot hold it in your hand. The process of coloring may be accelerated by removing the perforated bottom from the bottom of the bowl—and every pipe should be furnished with such a bottom—and saturating a little cotton or piece of sponge in perfumed sweet oil, putting it in the bowl just above the bore, and again replacing the bottom, so that the tobacco does not come in contact with the cotton or sponge. This oil assists the absorption of the poisonous oil distilled by the combustion of the tobacco, and facilitates the action of coloring the meerschaum to the much-coveted blackness.

Miscellaneous.—H. L. L.—A penny is an English copper coin, and worth about two of our cents, and therefore to apply the term to our copper coin is incorrect. W. D. M.—The meaning of the word Mizpah is "the Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another." A. Y. M.—It is quite possible to learn grammar without a teacher; Brown's is one of the best, in our opinion. Glazier.—The first window-glass manufactured in this country, was, we believe, made in 1793. G. C. F.—Alfred Tennyson, the English poet laureate, was born in 1810, consequently is now 66 years old. C. M. S.—The meaning of the term *piano* in music, is literally "soft," or "slow;" and that of *forte* "strong." Duncan.—We should not like to take it upon ourselves to advise you in so delicate a matter. You had better consult your friends. R. W. S.—You must wait patiently till he avows his feelings and declares his intentions. You must not make any overtures whatever, even though it is leap-year! A. A.—If the wife was ignorant that the man was using a false name when marrying her the marriage is valid; but if she knew the fact, it could be set aside on that ground.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*